



messing
about in

BOATS

Volume 28 – Number 2

June 2010

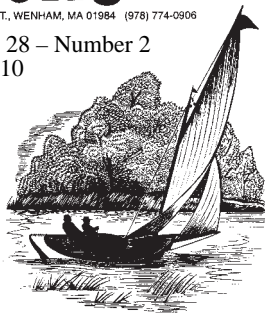
Special Features This Issue
“Saint John & Beyond”
“A Trip to the Terrible Zone”
“My Wooden Take-A-Part Kayak”
“From Serenity to Bufflehead”



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



A year ago in our May issue I went to some trouble to publish a lot of background information about the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop, held each year the first weekend in June at Mystic Seaport, in an attempt to encourage badly-needed support/participation for the long running (since 1970) grand daddy of such gatherings, which was foundering under apparent financial straits at the Museum. In the August issue I reported on the disappointing results, attendance was down, despite the Museum, in effect, turning the event over to the participants with minimal staffing expense cutting the cost from \$50 to \$20. Why it was so poorly supported was not clear, with the major obstacle, the cost, reduced to an affordable level.

When I was putting together the May 2010, issue a month ago I again undertook to see what I might do in that issue to encourage participation. I went to the Seaport website and found the following information:

"Small Craft Weekend, June 5-6, 2010: See nearly 100 peapods, whitehalls, sharpie skiffs, wood and canvas canoes, kayaks, performance rowing craft, dories, dinghies, tenders, and other boats as participants share their boats with other enthusiasts.

Also, take advantage of the opportunity to get on the water in a wide variety of boats—sailboats and rowing and paddling craft—and gain a lifetime's experience in small craft-related skills during the course of the weekend. Enjoy boat sharing, workshops and a row down the Mystic River early Sunday morning.

2010 Registration Forms Coming Soon!"

A generic photo of a fleet of one-design skiffs with multi-colored sails accompanied this message along with a smaller photo of a couple of pulling boats more indicative of the nature of the event.

This message seemed to me to be aimed at general public attendance, "See nearly 100..." No information for the potential participant as to what the theme (if any) might be, what one who might wish to bring one of those "nearly 100..." boats could expect.

Meanwhile, an interested reader had contacted me about his efforts to promote a theme for this year's Workshop focused on

boats from the Adirondacks due to his ownership of an antique Rushton he had had restored by Shew & Burnham. From him I learned that this year's event was in the hands of a museum staffer assisted by a former curator of small craft, Ben Fuller (long since gone to Maine where he is at the Searsport Maritime Museum). Chasing down Ben via his email address I learned that details were still undecided. I left it with Ben that I would welcome specific information as soon as it was available for publication.

Although by the time you get this issue (around June 1) it will be too late for details to be of much use, I revisited the Mystic website this morning (April 30) and found the same message unchanged. And I have heard nothing from Ben. So that's it, I'll attend to see what happens and hope it will show signs of recovery because it is really a shame for the event (started by John Gardner 40 years ago) to die out (it already missed 2008) from neglect and lack of support from those who should value it.

All this illustrates a larger issue I face publishing a small monthly magazine. Increasingly people get their time sensitive information via the internet, understandably so, as our lead times are back in the horse and buggy era (we go to press a month ahead of the cover date and need information even earlier to have time to fit it into an issue). I am still happy to let you all know what is planned for activities that might be of interest to you, far enough in advance for you to plan your time in order to attend if you choose to do so.

To do so I need information from event/activity organizers as soon as it is finalized, in the form of a simple letter (or email) with all pertinent details needed for anyone who might consider attending to make a decision or inquire for further information. I will not surf the web looking at websites to find out what is going on (as I did in the Mystic instance), but I will utilize what I think will interest readers from emails or letters sent to me. This invitation does not extend to commercial for profit event organizers, they can advertise if they so choose.

On the Cover...

After seeing a brief mention/photo of a fascinating boat in a bygone issue, a boat he had seen on his local waters, Brian Salzano tracked down its owner, looking to learn more about the boat. After then waiting two years to see a promised story on it appear on our pages, Brian went ahead and did the story himself, it is featured in this issue as "Giselle".



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Produced and presented by
Wooden Boat Magazine



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

It threatens rain today but, nonetheless, I must spend this Sunday at the marina and bestow some effort on *MoonWind*. If the heavens open, in a meteorological sense, I shall have to spend the day cleaning and stowing and practicing with my GPS until I regain my familiarity with it. I still need to drive to Old Saybrook and procure a power cable.

An old friend has just called from Muenster and talked for 20 minutes. He doesn't own an automobile so he can afford to indulge his conversational whims. He reminisced about spending time on a 50' chartered yawl with his parents and brothers as a boy, sailing from Southport, Connecticut, to Kennebunkport, Maine. He retained an image of sailing at night; being up in the bows, stretched out on deck, and watching the moon. How can you own a boat named *MoonWind*, he asked, and not have sailed by moonlight? An appropriate question and one that I need to address.

Rain too heavy to consider doing much of anything, and more of the same predicted for Monday and Tuesday. First time in a while I haven't been at the boatyard an entire weekend, how did they manage without me?

Do I really want to be at Block Island over Labor Day weekend? No matter where I go the first couple of days, the dates won't vary. I recollect trying to anchor at Cuttyhunk over Fourth of July and having to drop our hook outside the harbor. Perhaps Point Judith Pond will be less crowded. From there, both Padanarum and Cuttyhunk are 30 miles as the black backed seagull wings. I can sail most of the time or go ashore and mess about. After the holiday weekend, I should have little trouble finding anchorage, or space at dinghy docks. Block Island could be my penultimate destination.

Finally have charts of Buzzards Bay and the Elizabeths and Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. If I can't find enough to do in that much area, I deserve to have Father Poseidon rend me into bait for the little flounders. The woman at the marine store said, "Oh, you're headed for Buzzards Bay? How much do you draw?" Powerboaters don't address each other in such a fashion. And I hadn't mentioned *MoonWind*.

"Only 4'," I answered.

"In that case," she said, "you ought to check out this little harbor here (I had opened my book of charts) and this one, here. In this place you have only to pick up a mooring, especially as you'll get there after the holiday. And in this place you can come to the pier and fill your water tank, then anchor over here and take your dinghy in to the pier and walk to the village. It isn't but a mile."

I enjoy talking to people like this. She never asked me what sort of boat I had, only my draft. I'm extra appreciative, for I'm not familiar with this part of the world and might not have hazarded going into what seems, at large scale, no more than gunk holes. Any water not having soundings on the chart needs to be entered slowly. And a mile walk will be very welcome, thank you, after a day cooped up in a little boat. A mile walk any time is scarcely arduous. Every year I almost have more energy than I had the year before. Perhaps at a 100 I'll settle down a bit...

The rain is due to abate sometime tomorrow. Then I can complete my various projects. Firstly, to finish installing new splashboards I've made for a Lightning. Then to fit some deckhouse moldings on a 38' Alden Challenger. Finally, to secure my fuel tanks, inspect my chain plates, tune my rigging, re-fit my lazy jacks. Then, perhaps, begin to stow my gear for a two-week trip. Unless Hurricane Ernesto interferes, I should be able to cast off Saturday morning. With the wind at my back, I'll be at Point Judith well in time for supper.

Though a mile of circling breakwater shelters Harbor of Refuge, the outer harbor, it still can be an unsettled place to anchor. The seas outside the breakwater are turbulent at best. But Point Judith Pond, the inner harbor, would scarcely rock a yawning baby to sleep. The designated anchorage is a mile behind the jetties, and the most disturbance I'll likely encounter is a pair of reticent herring gulls debating the ownership of an English muffin.

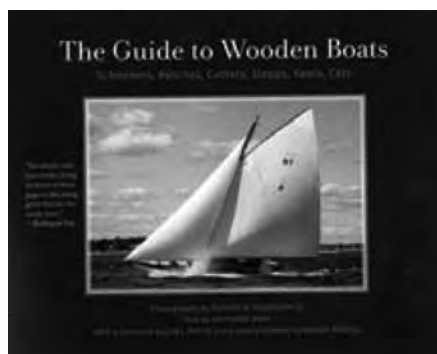


Book Reviews

The Guide to Wooden Boats

Photographs by Benjamin Mendlowitz
Text by Maynard Bray
W.W. Norton & Company, 500 Fifth Ave,
6th Floor, New York, NY 10110
www.wwnorton.com—\$19.95
7"x5 1/2" Horizontal Format Paperback

Reviewed by Bob Hicks



The publisher's promotion note accompanying the review copy explains this unique little book thusly:

"Each page of this volume [about 170, Ed.] is a stunning, full-color photograph that captures the romance of a boat ride at sunset or the serenity of an afternoon on the water. Taken by pre-eminent wooden boat photographer Benjamin Mendlowitz, these images of schooners, ketches, and yawls are visual delights... "being set loose in these pages is like being given the run of a candy store." Available for the first time in paperback with a new afterword by sailor and writer Roger Angell, *The Guide to Wooden Boats* is the perfect addition to any maritime lover's library.

Marine photographer Benjamin Mendlowitz has produced the *Calendar of Wooden Boats* since 1983. His collaborator, marine historian Maynard Bray, provided text for each calendar, as well as for six books featuring Benjamin's photography."

I thought this was a pretty fair summary of this book's appeal to anyone who loves wooden boats. Its major merit is its size, handy to tuck into any nook aboard the boat or at home. As a collection of color photos put together in horizontal format (7" wide) it is a feast for the eyes at any odd moment. It is printed on substantial quality coated paper that emphasizes the "glow" of Mendlowitz's superb photos, and Bray's comments on each are straightforward and knowledgeable

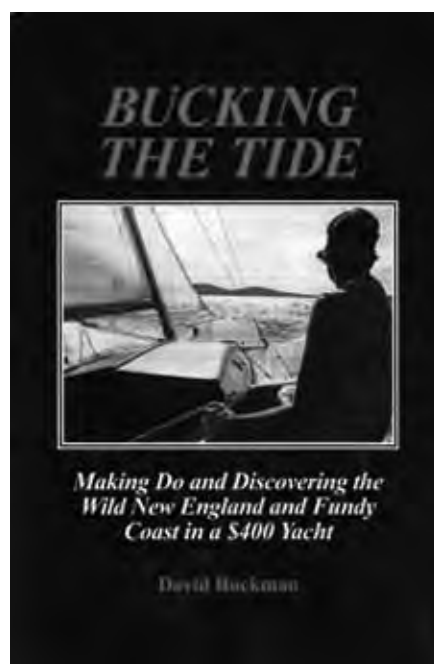
without any over the top gushiness about the beauty of wooden boats one might find in a coffee table book.

The book is divvied up into categories with brief introductory explanations of each type's characteristics: Cats, Sloops, Cutters, Yawls, Ketches, Schooners. Nary a powerboat to be found.

Bucking the Tide About Living Imaginatively & Discovering the Wild New England Coast in a \$400 Yacht

By David Buckman

Reviewed by Bob Hicks



When this book turned up here I immediately set it aside to review my very own self because David Buckman is my sort of guy, as he says in the promo puff below, he is one who has "studiously avoided a real job." He wasn't quite as successful as I was at it, having to hang onto a PR job at a ski resort for a number of years, but even then he points out how any job at which he could go skiing at any time had to be a good one.

I also was quite familiar with his writing style from back in the early *Small Boat Journal* days in the late '70s when he extolled the merits of cruising in his modified old Lightning sloop, which stars in this book. This book is essentially an expansion of those long ago tales, one of them, which subsequently appeared in *MAIB* in the '90s, I have decided to reprint in this issue for you to see why I find his writing so appealing. It is "St John and Beyond," which is a synopsis of the last part of the book, appearing on Page 8.

David published his book himself and did his own PR work, too, as follows:

"If there was ever a time when living imaginatively and doing more with less was the clarion call of the day, *Bucking the Tide* addresses the subject as the author, David Buckman, and a crew as green as grass grapple with the challenges of discovering the wild New England and Bay of Fundy coasts

in a reconditioned wreck of an 18' sailboat that leaks like a White House aide.

The author and wife, Leigh, are joined by friend, Cleve Smith, as they launch an epic journey for the plainly pedestrian and soon discover the truth of Hilliare Belloc's pithy comment, "Those who sail for pleasure would go to hell for the fun of it." *Bucking the Tide* embraces simplicity, thrift, and resourcefulness as the author, who had studiously avoided a real job, invests \$400 in a wreck of an old wooden sloop and parlayed it into the adventure of a lifetime.

Embracing the anarchy of poverty, the trio navigates uncharted waters and the art of living large. Encountering a greenhorn's gale on Buzzards Bay, they beat 80 miles to weather against a snotty northeaster, and are taken pity on in Rockport, Massachusetts, where the harbor master calls the boat a "little pisspot" and offers the crew the best berth in town alongside Motif #1. After being thrown off Star Island, on the Isle of Shoals, by the Christians who own the island, the sloop is beached on Smuttynose Island and the crew encounters a breathtaking wildness they never imagined existed on their native coast.

Practicing what the author calls "contact cruising," the sloop lands on remote offshore islands and takes closer looks at the wild coast of Maine, which in places feels centuries removed from the moment. Without any electronic navigation gear, the crew worries its way through dungeons of fog with only a watch and compass to find the way. Challenging the world's highest tides in Canada's Bay of Fundy, the half-pint yacht encounters tumultuous sea and finds comfort in the quiet reaches of the St John River as the *Leight* puts more than 2,000 miles under her keel."

Simplicity rules throughout, self-reliance, also. Go read "St John and Beyond" on Page 8, you'll most likely then want to read the rest of the story.

Bucking the Tide is published by Eastworks Publications in Gilford, New Hampshire, and is available for \$19, plus \$4 shipping and handling at www.eastworkspublications.com, at local bookstores, boatyards, and by check or money order to Eastworks, 31 Ridgewood Ave, Gilford, New Hampshire 03249.

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The Day the Ice Left

I took this photo in March the day the ice left our waterfront on Lake George. I kayaked across to visit an 82-year-old friend who had a heart valve replaced.

Bill Dutcher, Pilot Knob, NY



Sailing on Narragansett Bay

Just a photo of sailing on Narragansett Bay.
Robert Izzo, Austin, TX



Poke Boating Around Boston Harbor

The cover of your April issue reminded me of the time I went paddling my Poke Boat in Boston Harbor. I put in near Fort Independence on Castle Island, where there are steps going down to the water. I paddled up to the Charles River locks where I declined the lock master's invitation to enter, because I wanted to go over to visit the *USS Constitution* in nearby Charlestown. After being warned away from the old frigate, I paddled back to the put-in.

As I neared Castle Island a huge freighter bearing the logo of a Japanese automobile manufacturer had tied up and blocked my direct path. I can empathize with the folks in the boat on your cover. "Thy sea (and the ship on it) is so great, and my boat is so small." Carefully avoiding the wash of the still-turning propellers, I paddled around the tip of the land and played in the white water gushing out of Pleasant Bay for a while. Then I went on around the end of the bay close to its sea wall and into the Old Harbor. There was no tidal current right along the sea wall, but on the way back I had a good push from the ebb. I portaged over the bay's sea wall and paddled back to the parking lot where I was met by MDC park police who warned me never to paddle in the bay again.

This paddle was in the fall of 1992 when Columbus' reproduced ships were in port, as described by Boyd Mefferd's letter. Not co-

incidentally I wore my sweatshirt with the words "LEIF LANDED FIRST" prominently displayed on it as I paddled near the caravels. I also had the opportunity to see the *QE2* in dry dock for repairs after its tangle with the Sow and Pigs in Vineyard Sound.

It was one of my best water-borne days.
Clarence Burley, Paxton, MA

An Amazing Experience

I had an amazing experience on April 15. I had gone up to Johnson City for several errands, then went on to my cardiac research appointment, arriving a half hour early so I was obliged to wait. I noted a small, low budget magazine on the table with a fuzzy photograph of a tiny boat in foreign waters carrying a lugsail. Having nothing to do, I started leafing through it, recognized the title, *Messing About in Boats* as a publication I had heard of before. On the last pages was a long article by Susanne Altenberger, Phil Bolger's widow, detailing the commissioning and installation of a headstone for Phil's grave.

I was sorry to learn of his death, of course, although he was only a year younger than I and, hence, getting on in years. There was a large photograph of the memorial stone Susanne had drawn up and had engraved and in the upper left was a cross section of a boat I recognized immediately as being my *Tonnwya*. Sure enough, reading through the rest of the article confirmed that it was indeed, plan #308. At one time in our correspondence, Phil had said that he thought *Tonnwya* the "most perfect" design he had turned out and here she was, commemorated on his headstone.

Now, tell me what would you guess the odds to be that the owner of an elegant yacht in Florida would be so early for an appointment in Tennessee that he was obliged to sit in a tiny waiting room where a man from Piney Flats, Tennessee, had left an obscure boating magazine, this castoff being the only reading material in the room being picked up and thumbed through as a time killer by the yacht owner, this thumbing discovering an article about the recent death of the designer of his yacht and a photograph of the designer's grave headstone with a recognizable etching of a cross section of his yacht on it?

Years ago when Phil first published his plans for Mocassin in *WoodenBoat*, I decided for my new larger boat that something along those lines only grander was the ticket. I wanted a fairly large, very shoal draft vessel (for Florida and Bahama sailing) I could single hand, my wife being a great cook and companion but no help at all with sailing. Inspired by Mocassin and Blondie Hasler's lug rig, I wrote to Phil and solicited his interest. When he took the bait, my wife and I drove up to Gloucester and spent a day with him talking in general terms and visiting his Resolution.

Phil took the commission and over the course of more revising of plans than he was happy with, we came up with a compromise that pleased us both, 50' on deck, draft 2'9", cat-yawl plan with lug sails, aft cabin, twin Westerbeke 40s which helped keep the draft so modest. He incorporated her plans in his

book *Thirty Odd Boats*. I had her built in Sarasota by George Luzier over a very, very long three years. She was a dream after I got her shaken down, the lug rig everything I had hoped for but the unstayed carbon fiber mast eventually failed in modest air, a real mess. I re-rigged her as George had so badly wanted all along, this time with a stayed mast, gaff main, a jib, minus the tiny mizzen dead aft that got damaged in a hurricane.

My son sails her now in Sarasota and pronounces her much closer winded, as you would guess, no slowness in stays now, very lively, etc. Not as easy to single hand, of course, but he's young and strong.

About ten years ago I had a phone call from Phil and Susanne requesting that I send them photographs of *Tonnwya* under sail. We had moved to Tennessee and it was just about impossible, as I had nothing suitable to send. They seemed pleased that we had rigged her with a gaff headed main and added a jib, the plan done by George Luzier, straightforward and sensible.

Bob Greenwood, Greenville, TN

It's Not Safe Out There

I'm saddened to inform you that my friend, your loyal reader and correspondent (about shared motorcycling experiences) Lynn Fabian died suddenly in March. Lynn and I shared a few hairy moments in bygone times working in the Alaskan fisheries.

I have enjoyed reading "Beyond the Horizon" in Lynn's issues and would like to take over his subscription. It's not safe out there. I never sailed around the world but did cover 190°. In 1977 I caught a ride back to the states from Durban, South Africa, to Miami on a 50-ton wishbone schooner built in Bangkok. People sailing around the world usually stop at Durban October until January to avoid going to Capetown in the rough seas caused by the southwesterly winds blowing against the southwest flowing Argula Current.

We were about four days out of the island of St Helena when I sensed something wrong at about 2AM while at the wheel. There was very little wind and we were motor sailing so I lashed the wheel, went below, pulled the cover off the engine compartment and found water was about 6" below the top of the 5-cylinder Gardner engine. A cooling hose had come loose. My friend took the helm and I manned the big hand pump.

We spent nine days on St Helena where there were a lot of boats of many nationalities. Interesting place. Napoleon's home; a first class hospital for emergency treatment for super tankers; a supply boat arriving every three months; an American GPS station measuring continental drift. The biggest import was beer. The only flat spot on the island was the polo grounds. I heard recently they are going to put in an airport. They wanted to during WW II but the locals were against it. Progress? Not sure about that.

Henry Martin, Great Falls, MT

Information of Interest...

Apprenticeship News

The shop is bursting with students and boats, 16 apprentices, two interns, and a group of local eighth graders from the Trekkers program are working on over a dozen boats! We launched a handful of the smaller boats, including Susan skiffs, a bright red A&R tender and a sleek Whitehall on April 16

June 10 is Apprenticeshop Open House; come share s'mores around a bonfire on our beach and perhaps go for a short sail or row in one of our program boats. Free event!

On June 18 we plan to launch our 23' Mermaid sailboat and our 31' Hai restoration to celebrate the graduation of apprentices Eric Coker, Vana Davydov, Phil Huening, and Sarah McLean.

The Apprenticeshop is offering Summer Workshops for adults. Course schedule and registration information are available on the homepage of our website: www.apprenticeshop.org.

Eric Stockinger, Executive Director, The Apprenticeshop, Rockland, ME



Explore Boston's Shipwreck History

Hull Lifesaving Museum in Hull, Massachusetts, has put together a directory of Boston shipwreck at www.bostonshipwrecks.org. A map showing locations of 75 wrecks can be clicked on to provide details of each. One example suffices herewith:

"April 3, 1837, Hull Gut, sloop *Hepzibah* carrying passengers. A sorrowful accident struck the sloop *Hepzibah* on April 3, 1837. Returning from Boston through Hull Gut, the vessel was engulfed by a sudden squall and thrown on her beam ends by a flaw of wind. She sank like a stone before Mrs William James and other family members trapped in the cabin could be pulled free. The brave woman had gone below to save one of her children and grandchildren. The sloop belonged to a son whom she had rescued from a well when he was a child. Mrs James was the mother of Joshua James, then only ten and destined to become America's most illustrious lifesaver." (Robert F. Sullivan, *Shipwrecks and Nautical Lore of Boston Harbor*)



Information Wanted...

Appreciates Graceful Prose

I write to thank your contributor Mr Cheney for his graceful prose in "A Short Single-Handed Cruise" (April p.11). Infor-

mative, and gently seasoned with humor. A delight for those of us who, like him, regard an engine as treacherous. Salt water and complicated machinery just don't get along.

Midway through there is a clue that the article was written some time ago: ("Sadly this description from a few years ago no longer quite fits..."). I wonder if after a few years' experience he is still pleased to be going engine-less in *Penelope*?

I've been looking into variations on L. Francis Herreshoff's Rozinante, a canoe-yawl in which the auxiliary power is supposed to be a single sweep (an overgrown oar), as described in Herreshoff's pleasant book, *A Compleat Cruiser*. But everybody I can find who has a vessel something like a Rozinante uses an outboard. This gives me pause.

Mr Cheney recommends a couple of books in the article, which I intend to fetch. Does he have suggestions for other books or articles on going engine-less?

With thanks from a grateful reader,
Jock Yellott, Charlottesville, VA

Raising a Senior Kayaker

Have any readers come up with a device to raise a senior kayaker out of the cockpit at the end of a paddle? My paddling partner has bad knees and needs lots of help getting out. He'd like to be able to get out solo.

Bob McCauley, 2528 Jackson Dr, Woodridge, IL 60517

Projects...

Our Rescue Minor Inboard Launch

Here are a few photos of our Rescue Minor inboard launch, *Black Dogs*. First launch was February 16, 2008. Since then we have had numerous day trips on the Willamette and Columbia Rivers. The engine is a 3-cylinder Chevrolet sprint driving a 10"x12" propeller through a ZF reverse gear.

Mark Nelson, Hillsboro, OR



Launch day.



Tunnel stern.

Converted Chevrolet Sprint engine.



This Magazine...

Trying to Do Our Part

I am ordering a gift subscription for Brendan Groh, a young man who has just purchased his first home with our help as his realtor. Both he and his father, Rocky Groh, work on Great Lakes lakers. His father builds miniature lakers while out on the boats, which are displayed at the Wisconsin Maritime Museum in Manitowoc.

Brendan was not familiar with *MAIB* until he viewed my recently completed Joel White Shearwater double ender. His eyes lit up and so I introduced him to *MAIB* with some back issues. When he finishes adjusting to his new home a boat shop will be required, I hope, as he will be onto our type of boats. The photo is of my Shearwater which, together with *MAIB*, should keep him motivated. Trying to do our part.

Rob Ecker, Sheboygan, WI



In Memoriam...

James Bartlett Melcher, Jr

James Bartlett Melcher of Brunswick, Maine, died Friday, April 2. He was 88. Born in Boston on March 26, 1922, to Alice Ham-matt and James Bartlett Melcher, Sr, he grew up in Newton, Massachusetts. He moved to Seattle where he learned boat building with William Garden, skippered his own salmon troller on the Northwest coast, became a journeyman printer, helped establish a Unitarian fellowship in Bellevue, Washington, and served in the Coast Guard during WW II.

Born to a sailing family, he learned to sail at an early age and gained a love for boats and the water. He built *Triumph*, a 36' Pete Culler shoal draft ketch in 1969, sailing the Intracoastal Waterway to the Bahamas with his family before turning 50. He next built the 33' Bolger-designed leeboarder *Alert*, launched in 1981. He sailed *Alert* along the US West Coast, Panama Canal, Central America, Caribbean, and East Coast to the Canadian Maritimes. He sailed in the Baltic and Scandinavia and spent several years cruising the canals of France and Germany. In 1995 he left Nova Scotia to solo *Alert* across the Atlantic to Ireland at the age of 73.

In 1998, with the enthusiasm of new wife Diane de Grasse, he sailed *Alert* to the Bahamas and Cuba. The boat was shipped to Europe in 2000 for a two-year cruise which culminated with the two of them coming back across the Atlantic "on their own bottom" from the Cape Verdes to Martinique as Jim was turning 80.

Jim Melcher was well-known and respected in the international sailing community. He was a mentor to many in his simple and straightforward approach to a life on the water, a gentle, curious, engaged man who touched many people in different ways along his travels.

Jim will be reunited with *Alert* this summer when his ashes are scattered off the coast of Maine.



Footing along with a single reefed main and working jib in a fresh breeze.

Saint John & Beyond

By David Buckman

Frankly I would have preferred not to face the challenge of the Bay of Fundy alone. Adequately schooled and motivated crewmen, however, were in short supply as I made plans for a summer cruise to the tumultuous waters of New Brunswick aboard my 19' Lightning daysailer turned coastal cruiser, *Leight*.

Wife Leigh, a cruising companion of long standing, had joined me for the first leg of the cruise from Portland to Jonesport and I was decidedly subdued as I returned to the boat after seeing her off on a westbound bus connection. Sliding into the tiny cabin, which had occupied a winter's worth of evenings in the building, I felt it seemed a few long minutes before the kerosene lantern flickered and blossomed with a warming glow.

Saint John, New Brunswick, the city and the river, lay within striking distance 100 miles east of my berth. The character of this rugged stretch of coast was not often far from my thoughts in the last few days. Fundy tides reaching 29' run with a vigor I'd yet to encounter and the Canadian Sailing Directions were filled with warnings about everything from whirlpools and racing tides to tide-rips, magnetic anomalies and more. I yielded to sleep fitfully, my dreams filled with vivid scenes that I was to pursue in reality at first light.

Dawn was as subdued as my mood the night before and a misting fog was my only companion as I felt my way to Roque Island. The island was so big and so close, only six miles, I figured I couldn't miss it, and I didn't. Beaching on Roque's famous strand I explored the mile long sandy crescent before retreating into Lakeman Harbor for the night.

The 21-mile passage to Cutler the next day was another story. There were plenty of things like ledges, half-tide rocks and shoal patches to run into along the way. Waking early to the sound of rain drumming on the cabin roof, I arose and peered out the port expectantly. There was nothing to see, even though I lay little more than 20 yards from shore.

Breaking out the portable radio, the only electronic gear aboard the barebones cruiser, I picked up a Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, station and a forecast that held out little hope for improvement. Four *National Geographics* and a nap later it was noon. I rationalized that if I didn't get going soon I'd have to wait to the next day which looked no better than the present.

After plotting out the course a half-dozen times I finally hauled the 10lb CQR and the *Leight* was swallowed in the mists the minute she exited the anchorage. Adding a few degrees to my compass heading to compensate for the ebbing tide, I saw Halifax Island slide by more or less on schedule.

As I approached Foster Channel on the west short of Machias Bay a light southerly filled in and I shut down the outboard and raised the main and jib. While I could see nothing beyond the 50' circle of visibility around the boat I could at least hear things that gave some clues to my position. The sound of surf on a nearby ledge, a squawking gull or the rising and falling of a lobsterman's diesel as he went about hauling traps connected me with familiar images.

At 3 1/2 kts it was slow going, but if I did miscue I felt reasonably certain that I'd have enough time to take evasive action and avoid running into things like islands or mainland.

My imagination nonetheless offered up a half dozen or more sightings before the *Leight* emerged almost dead center between two gauzy images that slowly materialized as the Foster Channel buoys. By the time I'd slipped across Machias Bay and the tide ripped Cross Island Narrows I had put the worst day's run behind me and was able to relax the knot in my stomach for the first time.

The respite was short-lived, however. The ghostly profile of the Old Man Ledge materializing to starboard a few minutes later startled me and made me realize that the ebb flowing out of Little Machias Bay had set me seaward. Altering course to close with the steep-to shore near Western Head, I heard a long awaited but faint whisper. Straining to shut out the noise of the hull sliding through the choppy seas, I heard its reassuring voice finally calling out again. The Little River Island foghorn was music to my ears and the sight of fog shrouded Cutler, a small village nestled on a gentle hillside of faded green, was balm to my eyes and spirit.

Skirting the waterfront I was surprised by a hail, "Where ya headin'?"

"Saint John," I replied, turning to address my inquisitor, a fisherman sculling his skiff.

"Better wait until noon tomorrow and catch the flood," he offered. I knew well enough what he was taking about. I'd read the pilot and the cruising guide a hundred times if I'd read 'em once. I could almost repeat verbatim the cautionary paragraphs about the futility of trying to buck an ebbing Fundy tide. I'd made up my mind. If it looked like a decent day the next morning I was going to get as much of a head start as possible for the 30-mile run to Campbello Island.

That commitment was all but sealed after a conversation with a lobsterwoman at the town landing. Her father had been a lighthouse keeper on Little River Island for two decades. She spoke wistfully of those years and parted with a light touch on my shoulder and the word that the planet Uranus was in a favorable position for a stretch of good weather.

Squaring the *Leight* away after breakfast each day was no small task. It took about a half-hour to pack away the sleeping gear, clothes, books, radio, and food in their plastic boxes under the deck. This required a level of discipline I often found difficult to muster at home, but one that was essential aboard the *Leight*. In spite of a decade of my efforts to stem the flow, she nonetheless leaked modestly, particularly when loaded down with cruising gear. During a long day of beating to windward she'd require a hand on the pump every two hours to clear the shallow bilges. Anything left carelessly laying around on the cabin floor could be counted on to get wet.

Bearing off to the east before a freshening nor'wester the next morning I hugged the high rocky shore hoping to be spared the tide's full force. I had marked the chart around West Quoddy Head with a yellow highlighter to remind me of its perils. While I'd run across some tide tossed seas on previous cruises I wasn't really sure what a real tide rip looked like. The Coastal Pilot didn't really define the term to my satisfaction beyond the implication that they could be dangerous. If ever I was going to find out this was the place and the day!

Closing on West Quoddy Head, I found the seas were jumping about erratically as though they were about to boil. The ebb pouring through Lubec Narrows met the retreating Fundy tide and danced menacingly before me. Raising the centerboard part way to give the lumping seas as small a surface as possible to push against, I entered the fray. Like many things in cruising, the anticipation was worse than the experience. We were bounced about a bit, but the lightfooted *Leight* rode through the cauldron with authority, taking

but a little slop on deck and making good going of it.

Buoyed by her performance and the fact I'd put another hazard behind, I hardly noticed the dirty gray sky gathering to the northeast until the wind veered round to the north and strengthened. I didn't like the idea of running into nasty weather off Campbell Island. Its rocky palisades rose steeply to heights of 600' at Eastern Head and offered no shelter except at its northern extremity, ten miles distant.

With my feet hooked into the hiking straps and a single reef rolled in the main I beat northward, all the time imagining that I was taking an afternoon sail across the familiar waters of Lake Winnepesaukee instead of knocking on Fundy's front door. Thankfully, the wind took off an hour later, and shortly after 1pm I put the helm over and sailed into my first Canadian port, Head Harbor, feeling good about the big step I'd taken. Saint John now lay just 45 miles to the northeast, a day's sail with any luck.

A lone fisherman observing my arrival at the Government Dock welcomed me to the island and offered to drive me to Wilson's Beach where I could report to Canadian Customs via pay phone. Having accomplished that bureaucratic obligation in a 30-second conversation in which I was asked two questions, the boat's name and my own, I thumbed a ride back to the harbor.

The lady in Cutler was right about the weather. Surveying the scene early the next morning I viewed the first pale glow of day splashed across the waters of "The Bay" as locals refer to Fundy. With the islands off Nova Scotia's southwest shore plainly visible to starboard and the slab-sided islands of Passamaquoddy Bay to port I saluted East Quoddy Light and made off toward the northeast. With the old Evinrude clattering away at full throttle we made about 3kts over the ground as I slowly closed with the New Brunswick shore.

By the time the Point Lepreau Lighthouse came into view, a place that's been described as the fog capital of the world, a

light southerly filled in and I raised plain sail. I could have used the added muscle of the genoa but somehow the jib seemed entirely adequate as the bold and red-rocked Fundy shore slipped slowly past.

There are no harbors worthy of the name along this stretch of the Fundy coast for the deep-drafted, but for the *Leight*, Dipper Harbor looked like a good spot to wait out the strengthening ebb. Jibing about I slipped into the small stonewalled harbor and brought up behind the breakwater just after noon.

With a few hours to kill before the ebb would begin to ease up I took a guided tour of the local fish plant and thumbed a ride to a nearby store to pick up some ice and soda. Upon my return I put things in order for the 20-mile push to Saint John and got into an animated conversation with a local fisherman who went over my charts in detail and showed me where I could find back eddies alongshore and get a head start on the flood.

With the sails winged out before a southwester that had filled in to about 15kts during my stopover, the shore grew in stature as the *Leight* swept toward Saint John, the goal of my sailing labors for the past nine days. Pale red cliffs rose vertically out of the water and the fishing boats working alongshore seemed small by comparison.

By 4pm the tide turned and the wind strengthened to a solid 20kts and gusting. With the board raised about halfway to ease the helm, the *Leight* sprinted across the white freckled fields of Fundy at 7-8kts. An hour later the Saint John skyline occupied the horizon.

The change of mood was dramatic. Instead of the remote and wild waterscapes of the bay I was suddenly thrust amidst the trappings of commerce, industry, and urban development. It's one of the busiest ports in eastern Canada, with great freighters with calling ports like Monrovia and Cadiz lining the concrete canyons on either shore, taking on lumber and paper or discharging their cargoes of oil and sugar. A handful of modern high-rise office buildings were sprinkled among a collection of restored colonial brick-

Leight lies alongside a rickety old dock in Lakeman Harbor on Roque Island.





Passing East Quoddy Head on Campobello Island.

fronts and the towering spire of the Church of England.

I had missed one of the 30-minute windows of navigational opportunity that occurs every 12 hours, when tides running to 29' overcome the cataracts of the Saint John River's Reversing Falls and one can proceed upriver. Swinging close to a great gray freighter with a trio of crewmen relaxing on deck I shouted, "Where's Market Slip?" Three pairs of hand pointed a short distance upriver as one of them shouted out directions and another offered, "Good sailin' to ya."

Pulling into a narrow granite niche carved out of the riverside I made the *Leight* fast to a floating dock and set off to explore my new surroundings. I was immediately adopted by two Saint John youngsters, John and Jamie Jones, who, having watched me sail in and tie up, appointed themselves my official guides. They directed me to the public phones, restrooms, restaurants, and a nearby shopping mall as only a native could, and I thanked my hosts by treating them to ice cream cones from a sidewalk vendor. Getting a call through to Leigh and the kids, the first in nearly a week, I again felt a connection to the outside world. And they were relieved to hear from me.

Other than the hurdle of mounting the Reversing Falls I had put the most difficult part of the cruise behind me. In celebration I engaged in a feast of food and drink capping off the evening as many a latter day sailor has, in the belly of an old tugboat converted to a bar. A good thing, too. Anesthetized as I was, I slept soundly in spite of the fact that the dock where the *Leight* was berthed was racked by a constant surge as tide and river current combined forces to keep the harbor in a state of constant agitation.

Greeting the new day with somber anticipation, and a headache, I called the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club to confirm that my calculations for the run upriver were on target. It was still early and the janitor who answered said he didn't have a clue. Trudging over to the nearby Canadian Coast Guard station to inquire I was warmly received and informed that 8:30am, give or take a few minutes, was indeed the time of slack water. Back at the boat I changed the spark plugs in the outboard to assure that I could extract every ounce of its 3hp if need be.

The various accounts of running the falls makes the ascent sound rather intimidating and ten minutes before the appointed hour I shoved off and headed upriver. Swirls of water rose and fell in circular boils 5-10

yards across but the *Leight* slowly gained against them. Except for a few small fishing boats I had the place to myself. Drift netting is popular on the river and local fishermen in small clinker-built double enders motor upstream, set their nets, and drift with the current, hoping to snag a salmon or two, which command a fair price at local restaurants.

Coming up on the Reversing Falls, which is a narrow slabsided fissure cleft from solid rock with the arch of a highway bridge towering overhead, the moment of truth had arrived. I raised the centerboard most of the way to give the current as little as possible to gab hold of. Little by little the *Leight* inched upstream, past a huge paper mill and into the sanctuary of the Saint John River which runs between rocky shores rising to 200'. Turning east at Boar's Head into Kennebecasis Bay, I give out a triumphant yell and headed for what is something of an institution among river cruisers, the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club. I had imagined that moment on many a cold winter's night as I pored over the charts and guides. After securing the *Leight* in a slip I stood over her quietly contemplating the fact that she had taken me far afield and served faithfully.

The blue blazered steward seemed a bit surprised that I was cruising in a Lightning but he was very friendly and accommodating. After a pleasant conversation, comfortably ensconced in a pair of rockers on the porch of the clubhouse, he kindly put a car and pleasant young lady driver at my disposal to take me into town to resupply with ice and groceries.

It was noon by the time I was underway again, but this time, instead of pressing along a rugged coast my destination, McCormack Cove on Kennebecasis Island, was in sight just a few miles across the bay. Snuggling the 10lb CQR down in a quiet corner of the anchorage I frittered away a warm sunny afternoon with nothing more on the agenda than relaxing, reading, and getting the boat and myself cleaned up for the next stage.

Having done little personal hygiene for the last ten days, I was looking forward to a swim in fresh water. Draping my sleeping bag over the boom to air out, I dove over the side and was almost paralyzed by the penetrating coldness of the river. I assumed the water would be temperate, but as it originates in the depths of the northwoods with the frigid Bay of Fundy waters mixed in, I should have expected the big chill.

Though it was my first day on the Saint John, I was immediately at ease. The pace

of life, human and otherwise seemed to flow with the same steady but unhurried pace as does the river. Even the birds seem to have gotten with the program. Instead of the nearly constant and sometimes frenetic activity of many seabirds, the river waterfowl seem laid-back by comparison. Alighting gracefully instead of the splash landings of their coastal cousins, the ducks, terns and Wilson's Phalarope's seemed restrained and almost poised.

Spruce and hemlock covered the shore of the uninhabited cove and after the luxury of an afternoon nap I blew up my \$19 inflatable and rowed ashore. The island is composed of Swiss cheese-like rocks which are pocked with holes and a forest so thick that penetrating inland is out of the question for one clad in shorts.

Setting up the single burner butane stove on the cockpit floor that evening I prepared a grand feast consisting of a steak, fried potatoes, and a can of peas, all of which were eaten out of the frypan in which they were cooked to minimize the cleaning chores. It occurred to me that I was becoming somewhat of a savage, but hearing no words of censure from the crew and anticipating none, I carried on, toasting the setting sun with a dram or two of ale before retreating into the screened cabin.

With the radio tuned to a CBC talk show it seemed as if I had company aboard when I wrote up the day's log. I had covered over 300 miles in good fettle so far and I was impressed how well suited to the task my little cruiser seemed. Thoreau was right when he said, "If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with success unexpected in common hours."

Advancing confidently upriver after 11 hours of deep sleep, I felt the warmth of the sun on my back dispelling the morning chill as I swung into the main channel above Grand Bay. Close hauled before a civil westerly with the main and jib drawing, *Leight* passed quietly between small rounded hills that drop to both shores on gentle slopes. Other than an occasional fisherman trolling by, I had the river to myself. I would have liked to have been on land filming my state-ly procession upstream and I imagined that at least one or two people ashore must have looked out onto the water and been attracted to the symmetry and synergy of the scene.

Ahead, the car ferry at Westfield plied back and forth across the river, which is about three quarters of a mile wide. As I drew



The rugged Bay of Fundy coast with cliffs several hundred feet high in places.

close to it at length, children on a schoolbus perched atop its dock waved to me as I sailed past. I waved back.

Just past Westfield the river abruptly swings to the northeast into what is called Long Reach, a 17-mile stretch of nearly straight channel. Easing the sails and raising the centerboard a bit I set the *Leight* into a romping broad reach, flinging a ribbon of sparkling diamonds from her bow. The grassy shores on either side of the stream were occasionally punctuated with long sandy beaches, sheltering groves of hardwoods and, here and there, a brooding backwater. Large riverside farms gave the scene an ageless pastoral flavor that made me imagine that I might have been beamed back to a rural New England scene of a century past. Mid-river, low grassy intervals were populated by cows who hardly raised an eye as I slid by only a few yards away.

Those who have sailed on inland lakes, where the navigational aids consist of spar buoys, will find the river buoyage, with its small green and red metal cylinders, familiar. While the water depths indicated on the chart vary considerably, depending upon seasonal weather variations, I found the buoyage and charting excellent. If you do happen to miscue, as I did several times when I pushed too close to shore to examine an interesting "find," the bottom is mostly sand or mud. Giving a yank on the centerboard line I helped the *Leight* slide over these obstructions harmlessly.

With the sheets eased and the sails winging out, the *Leight* flew past Gorham's Bluff and into Belle Isle Bay. A narrow finger of water penetrating the New Brunswick woodlands almost ten miles toward the northeast, its scenery was gentle and attractive. Rolling hills reaching 500' in height were adorned with impressive granite outcroppings that fell to the water precipitously in places and occasionally a small brook added a pleasant murmur, almost like indistinct voices. Pulling on the jib downhaul I snuffed the sail from the cockpit. There was no hurry. The main alone would get me to Jenkins Cove soon enough.

Rounding close by the wooded point at its western entrance I swung into a little eel-rut of a cove to starboard and dropped anchor in knee-deep water 15' from a bold shore topped by birch and spruce. Completely sheltered from the wind I enjoyed a leisurely lunch consisting of a peanut butter sandwich, chips, soda, and the first of my new stocks of cookies. As I lay back and closed my eyes, the rustling of the treetops and the occasional lowing of a cow in a pasture on the north shore were the only sounds. Contentment is what it was and were it not for an outboard passing by an hour later I might have slept the afternoon away.

Whether out of boredom, loneliness, or the need for companionship, I kept up a quiet conversation with myself as I explored ashore and waded barefoot in the shallows. It was warm, "Too warm," a fisherman gliding by in a canoe said. I would have been hard pressed to imagine such a contrast as I lay in the foggy, tide ripped waters of the Bay of Fundy just a few days ago.

While ribbons of mist rose languidly from the grassy sedges alongshore, the *Leight* plodded upstream under power the next morning. The current was not particularly noticeable and with time-a-plenty I drank in the unfolding panorama. I'd pretty much had the river to myself for the past two days but as the morning wore on I met a tug hauling a barge loaded with woodchips and a Coast Guard buoy tender, both of which were out of sight and out of mind in a matter of minutes.

A gentle northwester rippling across the quarter-mile wide channel set the wetland grasses to dancing and with main and jib raised, the *Leight* quietly fetched along at 3-4kts. As Evandale fell astern I was joined by a 40' ketch with a Delaware calling port. Throughout the day we slipped upstream together, occasionally tacking over to the west shore to get an improved slant on the channel.

Stretched out across the well cushioned cockpit I laid back contemplating the abso-

lute symphony of elements. The river's gentle pace, the pungent spice of its lowlands and the melodious counterpoint of its birdlife wafted across the water as if nature were still trying to perfect its arrangement. In the afternoon horses and cows came down to the water's edge to rest in the shade and drink their fill. Having not disturbed the quiet air with the spoken word all day I seemed to slip into the pulsing mantra of the river.

Because I was to be picked up in Fredericton two days hence, I regretted I could not do more than take a quick look at Grand Lake, a 25-mile long estuary that penetrates deeply into the northwoods and offers inviting cruising grounds with bottle tight coves, wild scenery and quiet anchorages where one is likely to be alone. Just dipping my toes, so to speak, I powered up the Jemseg River and poked the *Leight's* nose into the lake. I almost wished I hadn't, because turning my back on the waterscape a few hours later was difficult.

Long shadows of trees lining the banks laid across the river as the *Leight* regained the main channel by early evening. With the extra hour of daylight added by Atlantic Time it was still light when I arrived off the wharf at the Steamer Inn in Gagetown at 9pm, having put 40 miles of river behind me. From my ringside seat on the inn's porch overlooking the river I engaged in excesses of food and drink in company with a group of sociable sailors from Fredericton, who insisted on buying round after round.

A stream of bright morning sunlight flooding the cabin roused me from a deep sleep. Even before I rose the signs were clear that the last leg to Fredericton, some 25 miles to the north, would be labored as a gusty northwester set the halyards humming. Showing down a couple of donuts for breakfast, I motored over to Colpitt's Wharf and topped off the gas tank before raising sail, beginning a long morning of tacking upstream, dead into the wind.

The narrow waterway north of Gagetown joins the main body of the river some three miles upstream, but in the meantime I



Beached on Ram Island on the Upper Saint John River, holiday's end.

slam tacked the *Leight* between its muddy banks which were little more than 75' apart in places. She covered ground admirably, her mast and rigging occasionally brushing against overhanging tree branches. At one point I came around a bend in the channel to find a half-dozen cows standing in 3' of water having a leisurely drink. Lifting their heads to the approaching apparition they stood stock still for a few moments before they lumbered awkwardly to high ground and watched in befuddled silence as I passed.

By the time I had gained the mainstream, the northwester had built to 20kts. Plugging away upriver I sailed her from bank to bank as hard on the wind as she'd go. By the time I drew even with Coytown, however, the current really began taking its toll. Marking my progress against the fence posts ashore I began to see the *Leight's* hard-won gains being nullified by the stream. A short time later I gave it up, dropped sail and began powering.

Peeling off into a narrow back channel west of Ram Island, the *Leight* made her way betwixt an avenue of trees that made it look like a French canal. Driving her bow into the

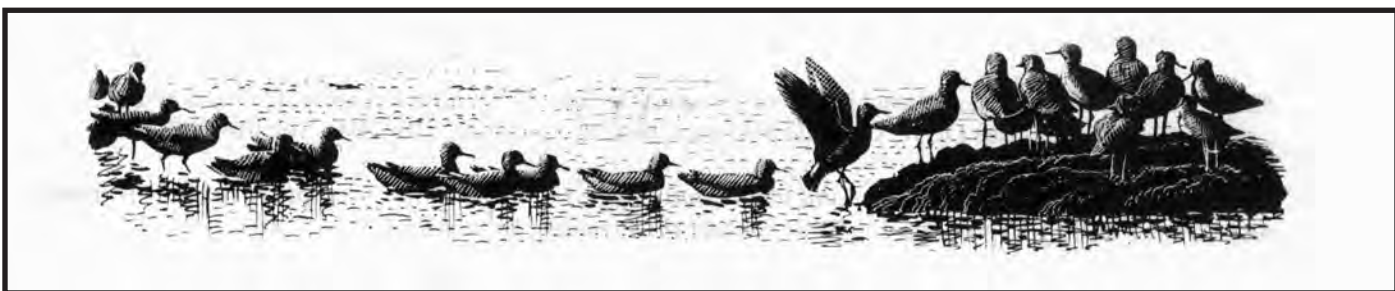
muddy bank of the two mile long island I stepped ashore, ready to claim the property for my fiefdom, except that I sank deep into the primordial ooze. When I pulled free one shoe remained behind, but after dealing with this bit of a muddy mess I took off along a faint short path weaving through the high grass. The few cows on the island kept their distance as I walked through its leafy glades. Birds flitted overhead, filling the air with a sweet song that melded with a chorus of crickets, frogs and other lowland creatures.

Lunch in a sandy alcove with the *Leight* in view was a somber affair. Fredericton, just 16 miles upstream, marked the end of the line for this cruise. My friend, Scott, was to join me with car and trailer the next day and we'd haul her and head west. I'd certainly got more than I bargained for and again Thoreau's wisdom came to mind. "But man's capacities have never been measured: nor are we to judge of what he can do by any precedents, so little has been tried."

(Duncan and Ware's *Cruising Guide to the New England Coast* offers a good riverguide and one should also carry the *Saint*

John River Small Craft Guide published by the Canadian Department of Fisheries and Oceans. Canadian Chart 4142 consists of five charts that cover the river and adjacent lakes. Both can be purchased direct by writing to the department above in Ottawa, Ontario, Canada XIA OE6. Delivery can take up to six weeks ordering direct. The same charts can usually be obtained more quickly from Boxell's Chandlery, 68 Long Wharf, Boston, MA 02110 or Chase/Levitt, 10 Dana St, Portland, ME 04101).

Editor Comments in 1995: David kindly offered us this article he originally published in his own short-lived magazine, *Coasting*, an evocative non-commercial. beautifully laid out 20-pager he turned out in 1990-91. The horizontal format made "wide angle" photos possible, superbly illustrating the magazine topics, "Sailing, Cruising, Adventuring, and Enlightenment Along the Maine and Canadian Coasts." Unhappily, he was unable to attract sufficient subscriber support for the ad-free publication.



For those of you just joining this tale, *Solid Waste* was a boat that I owned and it was a real boat and its name was indeed *Solid Waste*. It had been given that name by a previous owner who worked at a sewage treatment plant and, it being bad luck to change a boat's name, it remained so for as long as I owned it. It never failed to get some comic remark or question as to its origins and we delighted in explaining it to many people with whom we would otherwise never have met or spoken.

The Tall Ships were coming to Boston and we thought that *Solid Waste* would provide us with a front row seat to the parade. For this trip "we" consisted of D.J., his wife and both girls and myself. Imagine if you will the cartoon strip Popeye. In this scene Bluto and Olive Oyl are married and have two Sweet Pea offspring and are accompanied by the Disney character Goofy with a handlebar mustache. This, if you squint and think a bit, describes the collection of humanity that made up the "we" of this trip. We figured to get a really early start and so avoid the crush of boat traffic that this event would certainly generate. We arrived at the ramp at sunrise to find a line of trailered boats waiting to launch. So much for avoiding the crowd.

Once we launched and got underway it was like the Southeast Expressway at rush hour from Beverly out past Marblehead and on toward Boston. The sea was originally calm but with all the wakes from boats all headed in the same direction it was about as choppy as a brisk blow would make it. When we arrived at the mouth of Boston Harbor just off of Deer Island we found a carpet of anchored boats growing like an oil slick at a spill. We picked a spot at the outer edge of the crowd off to one side of the main channel and began setting the famous flying tin anchor.

There was a fair sized cabin cruiser decorated with a large banner that read "Coast Guard Auxiliary." It held a crowd of people in their best dress auxiliary uniforms, dark blue with a lot of gold braid. We pulled up alongside and I let down the anchor, whereupon the head auxilliaryist hollered down to us, "You can't anchor there, you are too close to us."

I replied, "We won't be here when I get done anchoring." I then proceeded to let out as much of the anchor rode as I could. The bottom being about 20' down, I figured the scope to be at least five or six to one and allowed for the rising tide and added a few more feet before I tied off the anchor line and we backed down on the anchor until we felt it bite. The bottom was nice black mud, good holding ground for our tackle. We then proceeded to break out the picnic basket and deck chairs and assume full spectator mode.

The general boating public is a mirror image of the landlubber public, that is there are just as many inept people in boats as you would find in the average shopping mall parking lot. Some are fine small craft operators and others treat their boats much as they would treat a floating car. As we sat and watched the show more than one power boater pulled up into the spot they wanted to be in and let fly the anchor until it touched bottom and tied it off there, much like putting on the parking brake in a car. It would usually hold for about ten minutes or so until the rising tide brought the anchor up to an impossible angle and it let go of the mud and the hapless skipper found himself drifting backwards with the wind and tide, whereupon

Adventures in *Solid Waste* Part 5

By Henry Szostek

they would up anchor and try the same trick in another spot.

The arrival of a Tall Ship parade brings out all the watercraft of all the local law officials that you could name. There were Coast Guard boats, Boston Police boats, Environmental Police boats, local Harbormasters' boats, Auxiliary Police boats, fireboats, rescue boats, patrol boats, and more acronym organizations then you could shake a boat-hook at. Anyone who had a badge and a colored light beacon whatever color, red, blue, green, yellow, had it on prominent display and were out there being as official as they could muster. They were almost as good a show as the Tall Ships themselves.

The day was fine and sunny, the tide was incoming and the wind was light and incoming along with the tide making it just perfect to keep all the spectator boats in a neat orderly stable anchorage no swinging about or drifting askew, everybody's anchor line was in a nice straight line right off the bow and stayed there.

The Tall Ships began the parade and we had a front row seat. The display was indeed spectacular, ships from all countries passed by with the crews standing in the rigging and all flags flying. We were all fascinated by the scene. As we sat there it became evident that our view was becoming obstructed by the Coast Guard Auxiliary cabin cruiser as it slowly passed by us dragging its anchor "I say there," I hollered to them, "one of us is moving and it's not us." The head auxilliaryist immediately took a look around and sprang into action, issuing orders and setting all the other auxilliaryists into a delightful imitation of the Keystone Cops as they ran about getting the anchor up and re anchoring in another spot.

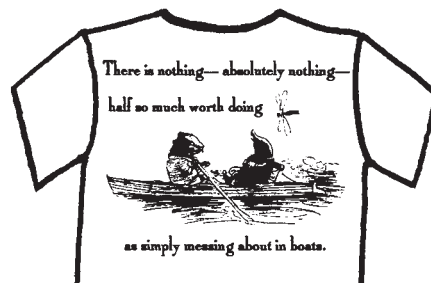
There was a continuous parade also of all the law officials as they patrolled the spectator fleet much as a policeman would patrol the crowd at a county fair, all looking as official as they could while taking in the show along with everyone else. There was one real Coast Guard boat about 35' or 40' long doing the same as all the other law enforcement craft, but operated by a Coast Guardsman who was obviously from Iowa or Kansas or some such place where they grew up not knowing what a boat was or what they did on the ocean.

As he slowly idled around the fleet of anchored boats he made the decision to make a casual pass down the middle of the fleet of anchored boats. He made the mistake of beginning his pass upwind and up current of the anchored boats, which moved him along at about the speed he seemed to want but with no steerage at all. The first indication of his error came as he began drifting down on the anchor line of an aluminum skiff occupied by a grey haired gentleman who took great umbrage at having this Coast Guard boat sliding up on his anchor line and pressing the bow of his boat down under the side of the offending craft. The Coastie then put his boat into reverse and promptly backed down on the anchor line wrapping it and the anchor around his prop shaft.

His actions did not go unnoticed by the spectator fleet as there was an immediate din as everyone in the fleet sounded their horns and shouted some comment in his direction. Some of the other official boats immediately converged on the scene to offer assistance. The poor Coastie was doing his best to shrink into the bilge and vanish but with no success. With all the help available from all the official boats on scene the situation eventually cleared itself up in probably twice the time it would have taken if there were fewer official helpers on hand.

The Parade of Tall Ships continued past the spectator fleet and as the great examples of sailing vessels continued, the size of the "tall" ships steadily diminished until it was a toss up between "Tall Ship" and "Neat Old Wooden Boat". Finally it became evident that the parade was over and the passing vessels were just more spectators following the parade. It was time to haul in the famous flying tin anchor and head for home, another adventure done.

(To Be Continued)



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August 2009 drifted drearily away and then the UK was surprised by a short Indian summer. By the weekend of September 12 the bright, calm weather in North Wales was stabilised by a steady NNE breeze. The conditions were right for a daysail down the SW windward coast of Anglesey. Calm seas for once!

A favourite trip of mine begins in Trearddur Bay and runs SE along the coast to a cluster of five sandy beaches inside two rocky promontories marking the estuaries of Aberffraw and Malltraeth. Behind these lies the private Bodorgan estate, so no one visits them by land. Perfect. The trip is almost 30 miles there and back, so Aberffraw is often the place to pick up any less committed guests en route, then it is just round the rocky corner of Dinas Bach to escape crowded Aberffraw and slip into beach heaven (see chart).

On this occasion I had no wish for company. I decided to miss the weekend and sail on Monday 14 when the outlook was the same but cloud was forecast, not sun, so I would probably have the coast more or less to myself. I prepared my boat *Seren*, a 14' Cruz, #230 and double-checked the statistics: HW at TB was 0630h, LW c.1300h, so I reasoned that launching at any time between 0800h and mid-morning would be fine. The last quarter of the moon had been two days earlier, so it was only a 25' tide, a day after neaps. Still enough to give me a strong push back up the coast when it turned, I thought. Lunching in Pilot's Cove on Llanddwyn Island seemed a possibility, and also, perhaps, sticking my nose into the Caernarfon Bar channel and the Straits and out again before the tide turned and pinned me there.

The forecast was for high grey clouds, wind 12mph ENE, pressure 1031mb, visibility moderate. All pretty much near the mark, except that in reality I had more wind and the sun broke through for a while when I closed my destination and remained with me for lunch on shore.

My intended leisurely launch became a late one after two old sailing friends walking their dogs on the strand buttonholed me for a chat about the boat. I left at 1115h.

Those who don't know her tend to see the Cruz as a frumpy family cruiser with modest sails on a ketch rig. In fact, the same hull is used for the Classic and as the basis for the Sport 14. The Classic's sail area is only half a square metre bigger than that of the Cruz. Identical high performance alloy NACA foil sections are found on all three.

Passing through the Beacon gap.



With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers

A Trip to the Terrible Zone

By Keith Muscott

Reprinted from the *DCA Bulletin* #206

(In which your Editor is tipped into the oggin and severely punished for his carelessness, but still enjoys the trip... well, most of it...)



Self portrait before the fall.

For a single hander, the attraction of the hull shape lies in the balance achieved while sitting well aft as you need to do in order to manipulate the tiller behind the mizzenmast.

My spirits soared as I powered out of Trearddur Bay before a steady breeze that was clearly over the threshold of F4, whatever the forecast had said, and then I brought the wind forward to a beam reach as I left Raven's Point to port and gave Maen Piscar a wide berth. Is there anything as good as a dinghy footing free in these conditions? Well, yes, there is, but you know what I mean. It was very satisfying to cross the bay without a sizeable sea running. The ebb was at its last gasp, but the full trip was still on, I hoped, given a longish period of slack water later.

I soon turned the corner and targeted the gap between the windward and leeward groups of the Rhoscolyn Beacon rocks. This gap looks deceptively wide, but half-tide rocks and ledges squeeze it down to about 30 navigable yards. About a month after I was there, on October 23, and at about the same time of day, the Trearddur lifeboat picked two men off these rocks. The engine of their 8m motor cruiser had failed and it had hit hard, pushed by the tide, and gone down quickly in about five fathoms. They just managed to scramble on to the rocks in time.

I had been tempted to use the famous inshore passage, inner course, under Rhoscolyn Head. It is perfectly safe but gives the impression to onlookers that you are sailing within touching distance of the cliffs in about a foot of water. However, the offshore wind would have been fitful there and the line would have committed me to Rhoscolyn Sound, which, as I could see even from this distance, was being churned by the wind coming over the long fetch of Rhosneigr Bay. Through the Beacon Rocks then, staying in calm water for as long as possible, and I was there at about 1230h. I'd forgotten how narrow the gap is, and I was staring intently into the black water when a kayak came round a rock and shot through on the reciprocal course. I don't know which of us was the more surprised.

It is a well-known fact that when two Brits meet in a wild place memorable words are spoken. Think Stanley. Think Livingstone. This was no exception.

"Hello. Have you come far then?"

"No, not far. You?"

"Not far, no..."

And then we photographed each other and went our divergent ways.

It is about five nautical miles across Rhosneigr Bay to Ynys Meibion (Island of the Brothers), my next waypoint. The water was now wide open to the ENEasterly and a good chop was kicking up. I was wearing an offshore jacket over a buoyancy aid, but I was soon soaked from the waist down. It was a great sail, although I did not have the sea wholly to myself; I passed a couple of yachts heading for South Stack to round it on the first of the flood, the best time.

Then I came across the big fisheries protection vessel which was taking samples of something from the bottom of the bay in various places. It stayed in one place long enough for me to close with it. By 1315h

Leaving Rhoscolyn an heading for water off Rhosneigr.



exactly I was off Ynys Meibion. Soon Porth China was abeam, with the little church on the island in the bay. I knew, to my surprise, that I was not far from my first destination. Then suddenly I had the bays on my port beam shortly after 1345h.

Even Eden had snakes, and I have to admit that a swell often comes out of nowhere and washes these beaches. The off-shore winds here are fluky, too. First they are venturied down the wide-open estuary of Maltraeth then tumbled over the rocky cliffs into the bays. And so it was on this day. I tried several times to sail up to the shore of my choice, but beating against the gusting breeze in such a confined space was not on. Each time I tried I ended up gybing round, sailing out, and lining up again.

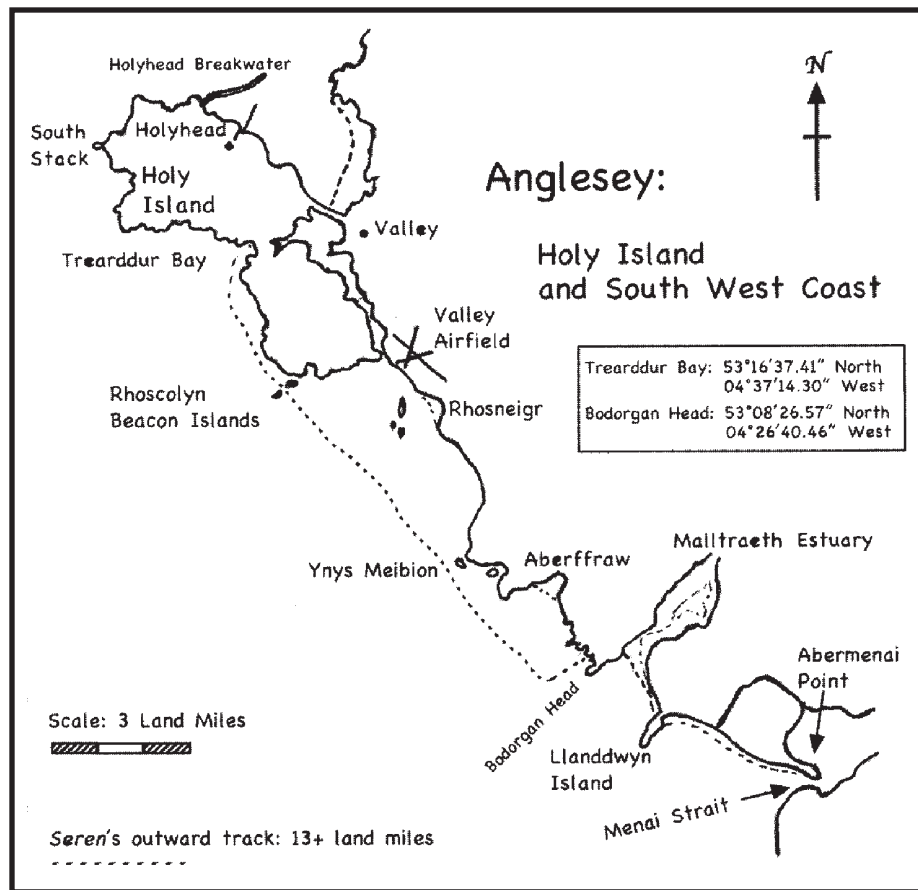
Eventually I got the oars out and pulled ashore in preference to using the outboard. Very strenuous, and it took much longer than I anticipated, giving me ample time to reflect on the fact that I have still not replaced the bendy plastic rowlocks. Ashtrays on motorbikes and chocolate teapots sprang to mind. Once ashore I was absorbed by the beauty of the bay and the line of cliffs. I tethered *Seren* to a large rock and broke out the sandwiches and coffee. The sun came out and everything seemed perfect. And so it was, for a while.

I was not sufficiently comfortable about the boat to go exploring, which is usually a delight here. The small breaking waves were pushing and pummeling her on the sand. I realised that these were tidally generated, with a bit of wind-over-tide effect; we were obviously in the first hour or two of the making flood, so I was itchy to be off. There was no point now in crossing Maltraeth Estuary and rounding Llanddwyn Island against the stream. Before I left I set the self-timer and stuck the camera on a rock, recording the image of the smirking twerp you see with this narrative, and little realising that 30 minutes later I would be swimming desperately a mile offshore. It was 1445h.

It was simple to push off with an off-shore breeze behind me, but then came the complications. For some reason I could not get the rudder down, it may have been that I had over-tightened the wingnut, a belt-and-braces addition to the uphaul and down-haul. The wind kept blowing me up to the rocks on the south side of the little bay, and I kept gybing to escape over to the north side, which was equally as rocky but easier to avoid. Suddenly getting out of there became as perplexing as entering it had been. I became blasé about standing in the stern-sheets and gybing round.

The centreboard wasn't down, the water became deeper, I gybed and freed the sheet, moved forward and dropped it. It was immensely difficult to control the boat downwind using the forked Moth-type tiller extension with the rudder blade horizontal, something I had noticed on other occasions. I had to get it down. And so momentarily I allowed myself to address the rudder problem to the exclusion of everything else. And then I was almost on the rocks again, and I gybed automatically. The mainsheet fouled because I wasn't watching it closely enough and the wind caught the sail; the boat rounded up viciously; the horizontal rudder couldn't correct it; she spun upwind in a tight little circle, that old centrifugal thing, and my graceful thoroughbred hull laid herself down on her port side and I took a header into the water.

The gulls left their ledges and were



wheeling and screaming above me. Had I Meldrewed them from their perches? Yes, I had: "I've rolled the bloody boat! I DO NOT BELIEVE IT!" My voice had rattled round the rocks. In September the water can be at its warmest, which was just as well, for I was in it for at least 40 minutes, and it was over an hour before I was on the move again. The ENE wind was another matter.

First things first. *Seren* did not give the appearance of wanting to turn turtle, but I was very careful, the main and mizzen sheets were swirling in the water and I did not want to be caught underneath. It seemed that there was sufficient flotation in the masts for the moment to hold her on her side. I dodged the masts and the Medusa's hair of snakelike cordage and looked up inside the boat. First, secure anything loose. The oars were still tightly tucked in. The outboard on the transom was upside down with its head underwater. A problem for tomorrow. Then my heart lurched. The big forked tiller extension, always ungainly when not in the hand, and fixed to the universal joint by the smallest of pins, had decided to part company with us. Gone. Deep-sixed. The small stubby conventional extension, which I had never liked, was in the stern locker? If not...

Another lurch: the rudder was about to follow the extension. That really would be it. A lot of violence is done to a boat when it is forced quickly into another plane. The Cruz rudder is a heavy GRP and alloy fabrication and it clearly had exerted a lot of leverage on its fittings. The steel clip which holds it down on the transom had been bent back and was no longer doing its job. Later, I found that the gudgeon and pintle bolts had been loosened a little too. I had to deal with the rudder first. I swam on my back to the stern, extricating my legs from the sheets as I went.

Then I discovered something which was to make the job much longer by reducing my efficiency almost to that of a one-armed man. While I was swimming free, *Seren* and I parted company. I was tide-rod, so I was on passage heading northwest to the flesh-pots of Dublin; the boat, being wind-rod, was succumbing to the allure of Aberystwyth on a course 90° back from mine. I did a creditable impression of Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan escaping from the crocodiles in getting back to the boat. Then I found my fingers weren't strong enough to bend the clip back into shape.

Back again, pliers out of the locker, all the time wary of putting too much weight on the hull and turtling her, and wondering how long the masts would remain buoyant. Rudder secure, all bits tucked away, plate still jutting out of the bottom. Right. From the transom to the centreplate along the bottom of the boat, with nothing to hold on to but a smooth GRP wall. As I reached it a wave picked us up, *Seren* dipped her masts lower into the water and the plate dropped back into the hull.

I took time out to express my feelings loudly and colourfully about a number of things, past and present, near and far, and felt the better for it. Back round the boat, haul down the plate, tie it off, return to the position I first thought of. Something huge and green approached, loomed over me and moved on: the wreck buoy marking the safe route around the *Kimya*, which we had just drifted over. What am I doing in the water around here?

Now when I was a lad I won the odd wager by my ability to do pull-ups in the gym. I would never have been equal to Ellen MacArthur with 13 repetitions as part of her circuit training, but I wasn't bad. So what

was wrong now? A waterlogged offshore jacket, that's what, with its breathable this and its microfleece that, all soaked through and leaden. I was handicapped better than any jockey. (The attentive reader will have noticed that I omitted to say I am no longer 18 either.) The next part took the most will power of all. Round the boat again, dive through Medusa's Barnet, off with the jacket. "I don't want to lose you. You are going to keep me alive and functioning later," I told it, as I threaded a line through the sleeves and made it fast. I was now down to Helly Hansen vest, light microfleece jumper, Craghoppers pants, open sandals and a 50N PBA.

There is nothing so far away when you are in the water looking up than a plate sticking through a 6' beam hull. I had been planning ahead for the return journey, but now I saw that there had been no point in thinking further than this rather pretty marine alloy NACA 0009 foil. So I climbed on to it, not at the first attempt, nor the second, nor the third, and only after I'd used the tread on my sandals to maximum effect on the GRP, but I got up there eventually. Standing on it chilling in the wind I started to feel in control again. I took an interest in my surroundings. About half a mile away a powerboat turned in my direction.

One of the two on board was eager to talk. "Where's your crew?" He looked worried.

"I'm alone."

"I'll call the lifeboat."

"I'd rather you didn't."

I passed them the painter to hold the boat head to wind and asked them to back off in case I rolled my masts right over onto them. The plate was slippery and I was glad that I could apply sufficient righting moment grasping the gunwale without needing to lean back holding the sheet. And up she came as smoothly as she'd gone over in the first place. There seemed to be a lot of water in there but it did not take long to bail her out, using the cut-out plastic fuel can bailer. Five minutes at most, perhaps less. I found the stubby tiller and fitted it. We were a long way offshore by now (which is why I cannot mark a return course on the chart).

"Why don't you sail in closer to shore?" I was asked. "You'll be safer." They weren't sailors, helpful though they had been.

"I've got a great slant on Rhoscolyn Beacon out here with this wind direction," I said. "I'll be fine now." I offered to buy them a drink as thanks for standing by, and we agreed on the Trearddur Bay Hotel. I got under way by 1545h.

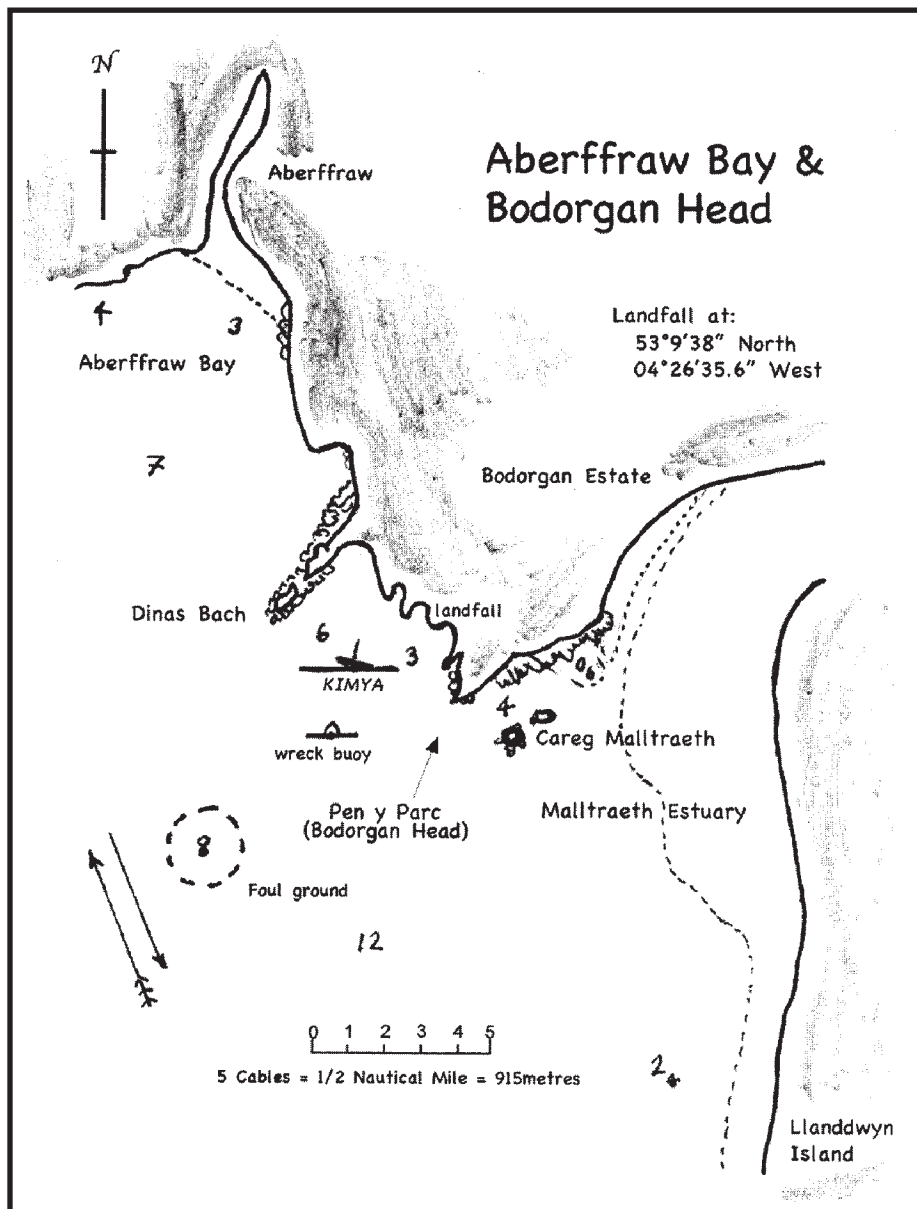
They say that if you fall off the horse you need to get back on it instantly. It was either that, or feeling ashamed of myself, or the need to keep warm with vigorous exercise, or a combination of all three that made me, stupidly, sail back like a man possessed. After I'd been going for half an hour the two fishermen blasted past me, heading back to Trearddur Bay. They'd been good enough to wait to see how I was coping before leaving. I came abreast of Ynys Meibion at 1615h. There was still a powerful breeze blowing over Rhosneigr Bay, but this time it was on my starboard quarter, and we actually burst through on to the plane for about 50 yards before discretion became the better part of valour.

At 1710h I shot past Rhoscolyn Beacon with the favourable tide chuckling and hissing over the rocks on either side of me. I came round Rhoscolyn Head and put in two huge tacks to line up perfectly for the Bay, not bothering to avoid the turbulence over Maen Pyscar. More stupidity. Once right inside the bay I found to my relief that I could lay the slip in one board. Some time between 1800h and 1830h *Seren* hissed up the sand right by the slip and came to a halt.

We'd averaged about 5½ knots on the outward leg which was sailed within two hours of slack at neaps so tidal influence was there, but negligible. If the trip back had followed the same course it, too, would have timed out at about 5½ knots, but in reality it must have been much longer than the outward leg because the start was well offshore. The tide was with us, of course, so we must have been a lot faster over the ground. In all, the trip was probably well in excess of 30 miles.

Various items of equipment went with me into the water, most supposedly waterproof, but some emphatically not. Which survived all right and which didn't might surprise you. My electronic car keys are still in perfect order, despite being unprotected in a pocket. My Nokia N70 mobile was badly wrapped in a small dry bag instead of its posh Overboard case; I mopped drops of water off its keypad later before using it. It has never missed a beat since. Neither has my superb little IC25 Casio sailing watch. The O-rings on my Autohelm personal compass and my much-loved Pentax W10 were not up to the continuous immersion, however; The Autohelm is done for, but the camera, thank goodness, survived without lasting harm other than a ruined battery. These trivial sorrows were quickly drowned in the Trearddur Bay Hotel the following evening. The outcome could have been a lot more serious.

I'm not going to beat my breast and recount what I did wrong; you can work that out for yourselves. I re-learned a lot, not just during the experience, but also when I researched the wreck of the *Kimya* later; after getting on such intimate terms with her and her buoy it was the least I could do.



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It's a little confusing. It was about 70° today (almost the end of March.) The grass is greening up. I have three boats on trailers parked in the driveway. One more on a trailer in the shop. And, a few more hanging from the barn rafters. Oh yeah, and little *Limerick* is sitting aboard her dinghy rack cradle in the shop corner, right where I put her at Christmas time, when I PROMISED to get her teak sanded and refinished, her hull repainted, and her sail replaced before I worked on any of the bigger girls. Basically, every boat I own is awaiting some sort of repair, refit, or total overhaul. And, it's almost 70° out.

The confusing part? There are still several inches of ice on our backyard pond. And, I can still see traces of snow among the trees across the road. But, it was a mild winter here in NE Washington State. The ice is off of our lake, even if the water doesn't feel quite like it yet. I'm going to tow the docks for our little beach club back from winter shelter up the lake a ways this weekend. And, horror of horrors; I had to borrow somebody else's boat to do that task.

No excuses. While I have taken on a bunch of boat jobs that weren't even on the radar last fall; I do expect *Lady Bug* to be afloat and ready for the "season" within a week or so. That is, even if the rudder doesn't get re-re-redesigned. Somehow she's been doing just fine with the "temporary" scabard and tilt-to-balance contraption I thought I'd just try out. Wow, that really was a couple years ago. Back when *Lady Bug* and I were on our Big Adventure. An immutable fact of "temporary" modifications, is their overwhelmingly permanent nature.

As I was telling you last month, we had managed to wander our way up the western side of Southern California, until we got as far as the middle part. Californians seem to think that any place above the lower fourth or fifth of the state rates being called "Central California," even if much of that is due west of the capital of Southern California (Los Angeles.) Apparently the normal logic applied to geography doesn't apply there. Anyhow, by the time we get to about the middle part of California, it is certainly known as Northern California.

After we got to about the middle part of the state, we wandered toward the center and continued going north. By the time we had left California and entered Oregon, we had sailed about less than an hour in Central California, which is due west of Southern California. That is further confused by the sailor's understanding of things. Seems that the normal heading for departing directly from the coast of Central California is, DUE SOUTH. Yep.

For the navigators in the house, this is further abetted by the fact that when we depart Central California by water and sail directly away from the coastline, and hold a 180° course, we are still minutes of longitude EAST of Lake Tahoe, Nevada. Anyhow.

We also sailed for several days in a place that is several hundred miles from the California-Oregon line in an area decidedly north of Northern California/Lake Shasta. After that, *Lady Bug* and her little roto-molded dink, *Paint Bucket*, sampled the waters of the central Oregon plateau. Then, we swerved to the left in search of cold salt water in the Puget Sound region. Following that, we diverted half a thousand miles east on family business; and then tried out several water-borne haunts from my childhood. This was

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

You Have to Put Your Hand in the Water

Part 5

By Dan Rogers

the summer of 2008. The adventure is still a work in progress. But, let me tell you about how things progressed back in July 2008.

I put *Lady Bug* in the water at Loon Lake, in eastern Washington for the Fourth of July weekend. Not the best plan. While there were about three other sailboats on Loon Lake; and while I DID manage to beat all of 'em in more or less fair fight, this is certainly power boat country. Not a lot of wind. Plenty of wakes. I know it's a fact of life for the sailing minority on inland waterways. But, back two summers ago, this saltwater sailor from San Diego wasn't accustomed to such a minority standing. Anyhow.

Once leaving Loon Lake, I was more or less bound for a bigger puddle by the name of Lake Roosevelt. The Roosevelt Recreation Area is the direct result of the Depression era's need for employment and hydroelectricity. Grand Coulee Dam is one of those national edifices that most everyone reads about in grade school, even if most people never actually go to see it in person. The dam impounds 150 miles of the Columbia River and backs it up into myriad other streams and rivers along the way until about the only "river" part remaining is north of the Canadian border. But, it does make for one heck of a large body of water, one with a fairly consistent wind direction, for a refreshing change.

The drive from Loon Lake to Roosevelt can't be quite 100 miles. Much of the route runs through "Indian Country." The Coleville and Chewelah area was pretty much the only place left for survivors of our late 19th century national Manifest Destiny wars of annihilation. Any number of tribes and bands were relocated to what is now the Spokane Indian Reservation country during the waning days of the 19th century. Joseph and the remnants of the Nez Perce following the Battle of Wounded Knee come to mind, along with other famous names from Native American history.

So, I followed the paved-over tracks of fur traders, and mule trains, and mining "rushes," and Conestoga wagons full of homesteaders in search of essentially what I came looking for a century or two later: "to see what's over the next rise, around the next bend."

One of perhaps the best parts of traveling alone with out-of-state plates and a red sailboat in tow is all the interesting people I get to meet. Most everyone along the way has at least known somebody who has been on a sailboat. And, for me, my out-of-state plates were from that mystical, mythical place EVERYBODY has heard about. California. Granted, many of the folks I have encountered in places where "town" was the confluence of two paved roads, wouldn't

consider California a fit place for "regular" people to live. But, being from there is a darn fine way to get the conversation going. Like that morning after I hauled *Lady Bug* out of Loon Lake and headed for larger puddles, over the hills and through fresh cut hay fields off to the northwest.

I wouldn't exactly say that I was lost. Not really lost. But, I have developed this penchant for taking "interesting" roads and worrying about where they end up when I get there. Granted, driving a full-sized Chevy van with a sailboat in tow isn't the most user friendly method of exploring narrow country roads (most without official turnarounds or shoulders wider than a couple chunks of gravel). But, I do get to meet lots of interesting folks. That morning comes to mind.

It was getting on past breakfast time. I don't recall the name of the little greasy spoon, but the hand-lettered sign said, "truck parking in the rear." While a bit narrower and lower, my rig pretty much fills the footprint of a long-haul semi. So, to the back we went, along with the hay haulers and the log trucks. I went in, and sat at a corner table. Sunday morning, and folks thereabouts were obviously coming from church. I could say that I wasn't exactly dressed for the occasion. And, while it's apparently OK for northern God fearing folk to perhaps visit Disneyland for a vacation; actually residing in California seems to mark one as something of a leper.

I sat at my corner table and attempted to get eye contact with the waitress. After several passes, she finally stopped in my general vicinity and asked, "You want something?"

I responded, "Why yes. I'd like to order breakfast." I'll never forget her retort. "Well. You hafta ask!" At that, she eyed me rather contemptuously and asked if that "rig with the sailboat out back" was mine. Whereupon, she walked to the center of her small dining room and announced to all, "That guy over there! He's from CAL-I-FOR-NIA!?" And, it wasn't much of a compliment, the way she offered it.

At that, I stood up and addressed the room, "Thank you all, for welcoming me to your fair town. And, since it's Sunday and all, I understand that it'll be OK if I face inward." After that, we got on pretty well. I can tell you that Simon will be having his gall bladder out soon, and Becky's baby is a week overdue. And, did I tell you what they're getting for a hundred-weight on the hay market these days? So, following that morning in the diner, I've taken to a new ploy. When I go into one of those small bergs with my red sailboat in tow, I simply announce, "Hi. I'm from California. And, I'm LOST." That gets 'em every time. I'll have to tell you about that morning south of Tyler, Texas, sometime. But, that came quite a bit later.

At this point, I was several thousand road miles, and several sets of trailer tires, into a Voyage of Discovery across a landscape singularly bereft of sailboats. While I'm certain there is somebody, someplace, doing the exact same thing; I have yet to meet him. Sort of like being the only southpaw at a decidedly crowded, ROUND dining table.

Anyhow, let me tell you about Lake Roosevelt. All in all, a nice place to explore.

Overlooking the then-existing economic misery of the Great Depression, and the looming geopolitical misery of World War Twice, the 1930s must have been a time of true engineering marvels. Even if



Blowing like stink, and we're the only boat out. Again.



Solitude can be a nice thing.



The view from breakfast someplace "upstream," Spokane River.



Lady Bug waits for the captain. Upstream, or down?



A well-marked channel for nothing bigger than ski boats?



Mid July. Still lots of snow just uphill from the lake.



The menu is pretty bland. The scenery is not.

The view upstream from the launching ramp at Lake Wenatchee. Lots of rocks and snags. No nav charts available.



From desert to alpine lake in only. 50 miles of highway.



small red sailboats from California weren't the most obvious reason for creating places like the Colorado River chain of lakes, and the Columbia River chain of lakes; they do offer some incredible scenery and truly vast expanses of water to sail in.

I think the very best place to launch a boat on Lake FDR is on the lower end of the Spokane River, just upstream from where legendary fur trapper and mountain man, David Thompson set up shop in the early 1800s. Porcupine Bay has an awesome ramp with a large parking area. There's a state-run campground on the premises. We can even use the guest docks (free of charge.) Downstream and around the corner about 15 miles is the main lake. Upstream for about 30 miles are scenes that I'm certain I've seen in more than one John Wayne western. There's tall timber cheek by jowl with stark basalt cliffs, "moonscape" fields of black rock, and flowing waterfalls. A very delightful place to explore.

All in all, *Lady Bug* and I have launched at Porcupine about a half-dozen times. You may not find this too surprising. We were the ONLY sailboat each and every one of those times. On one such visit, I launched for "only a couple hours." I came back in, three days later. I was still wearing the same clothes, and the food stocks were certainly down to what I call "shipwreck reserves." Other than a bit of an al fresco bath in the cockpit one particularly warm afternoon, I guess it's a good thing that I was the only one aboard. But, it's not all that often we find a place so enticing that we can simply "stay gone" and find new places to explore without an obvious end point.

Not to totally exclude the rag baggers; there are real sailboats moored (and actually sailing) out of a town farther to the north. Kettle Falls is near the head of navigation on Lake Roosevelt. Back in the Boy Scouts I once paddled a canoe from Trail, British Columbia, on down to Kettle Falls, Washington. The Columbia is still pretty swift up in British Columbia. Then as it slows to form the lake, there were still recently-

inundated farmlands, fences, buildings, even roads complete with signs back in the '60s when I experienced it from a canoe. It was pretty cool to be paddling along and look at a highway wandering from bank to bank under water. There's even a story about "this guy I know" who caught one of those roads on fire by accident. But, maybe that'll keep for a later gam. I haven't made it that far north in a sailboat. Yet. Maybe this summer. Anyhow. Lake Roosevelt is one of the places around that is worth the trip.

After that, we were off to see where the sun goes in the evening. The road winds through the extreme northern edge of the Palouse wheat farming area. The topsoil can go many fathoms deep. The current thinking is that Prehistoric Lake Missoula dumped its contents once or more times when the ice dam across what is now the Clark Fork River burst. No small detail of geology. The thinking goes that this lake emptied such a large volume of water so fast that the flow dug out the Coulees and even deposited the rich farmland in Oregon's Willamette Valley in only a matter of days. The bonus to Washington State farmers is these stream ripple-formed piles of crop-growing dirt. And, viewed on a satellite photo, we can actually see the flow patterns that still mark the land over a thousand square mile area.

First, we stopped off at a place called Banks Lake. Banks is sort of a near-cousin to the California-Arizona border area where each state stares back at the other across Lake Havasu. And, since it was already approaching 100 degrees at 0900, I decided that a bit of altitude and some evergreens would be more to my liking. Wagons west.

Lake Wenatchee is deep, cold, and windy. It sits basically in a mountain pass. The Coriolis effect winds from the Pacific just plain thunder up the Cascade range and plow their way across this ten-mile long lake with unusual ferocity. Just the thing I had been looking for. I had been to Wenatchee once before, when I was about

ten years old. In some ways, very little had changed. Granted, rich people have covered just about every scenic shore with mansions. Just about everywhere. And, Lake Wenatchee is no exception. But, since the wind was definitely blowing in the upper 20s and often much higher, you guessed it. We were the only boat out on the water. This was deep into July, and there was still ample snow on the surrounding hills to keep the waterfalls humming. I did see water ski restrictions posted at the state park beach, but can't imagine normally rational people actually getting in that water on purpose. Very beautiful. But, quite cold.

Lady Bug outdid herself that day. We beat for the "uphill" side of the lake for several hours. We shipped a dollop of spray, and now and then a wave top along the way. But, she just seemed to be so happy to be actually sailing and not simply following obediently on that trailer that it was hard to bring myself to shorten down. We found a positively captivating cove in the lee of a stand of willows at the end of the weather leg. A great place to anchor for lunch. The wind was simply groaning in the treetops, and the water still as a millpond. Quite a confluence of influence.

As seems to happen more often than not, I didn't have a reliable chart of the area aboard. Something about not having a "plan" of travel, or something. The downwind leg was just barely on the conservative side of harrowing. Then, without any real opportunity for second thoughts, we were in a house-sized boulder and snag strewn river mouth on our way to the launch ramp. I mentioned that I had been there as a youngster. We had been out, the whole famdamily, in that 12' plywood utility with the 5hp Sea King that I was telling you about. On that occasion, as we entered that same river mouth, the motor coughed and quit. We were swept up on a rather large and menacing rock. I can still see the bottom of the boat bulge inward from the impact and continued rush of the river. I can also still see my mother's non-water-loving eyes bulge as well. During that long ago adventure, the boat shook herself loose, and the motor restarted. End of adventure.

This time, I came in under sail and made one of those memorably perfect landings in a cross-current and screaming wind. Of course, there was absolutely no one there to even notice. So it goes.

After getting the boat out of the water and everything tied back down, it was time to continue on west. Seems like the highway goes almost straight down for about 100 miles, from the Cascade crest to the inland sea called variously Puget Sound, Admiralty Inlet, or simply The Salt Chuck. There's one place in particular I was headed for, without really knowing it: Deception Pass. I'll tell you about that one, when I see you next month.

Rig stowed, and ready to get back on the road for...someplace else.



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A small town launching ramp. Nope, no sailboats there, either.



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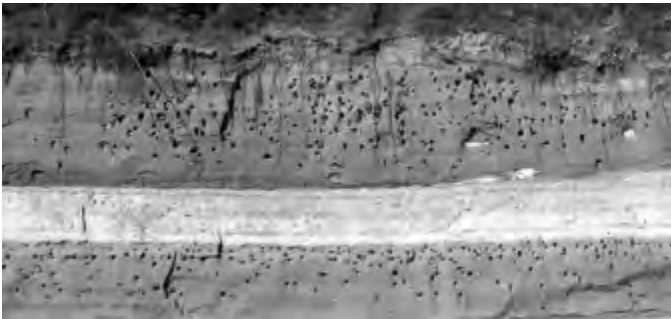
A small town used equipment lot. Lots of well-loved trucks and tractors.



On the lookout for...



A relic of long ago.



Swallow “condos” stretch for miles of shoreside cliffs.



Following well-worn paths across the cliffside.

Parts of the Pacific NW look a lot like Texas, Utah, Arizona, etc., etc. Miles and miles of miles and miles. And, no sailboats.



The Micro was on a mooring, so Frann and I paddled out in our two-person kayak and climbed in. The high freeboard made it a tricky climb from so low on the water, but if we stood on the kayak seats, it was feasible. The kids were occupied; Josh was at his part-time job at the local pharmacy and Zach was working on his summer reading list. The dog was at the kennel, so we had a welcome day and night to ourselves.

Looking out at the whitecaps that were beginning to dance on the harbor chop, I said, "Definitely too rough for the Snark," referring to the little car-topper we had sold the previous summer, and Frann agreed. I remember the frustration of limited sailing opportunities in our Snark years. Whenever southwesterly-whipped white horses ran across the harbor, they would swamp the little car-top immediately. With only a precious few seaside vacation days to spend each summer, I was disappointed to be forced to mope around on shore. But now that we had the Micro, we could sail even in breezes of up to 30 knots.

Today, the wind was cranking up to 20 knots or so out of the west. A short distance inland the wind was strongly out of the north-west, but on Buzzards Bay winds from almost every point acquired a southwest flavor. Like a chef with a heavy hand on the Tabasco sauce, the Bay flavored all weather southwesterly. I went below decks to get some tools and the thole-pins. It was totally calm below. The hum of wind, splash of waves and rhythm of hal-yards whipping against the masts of moored sailboats was gone. Replacing it was the ping, thump and bang of waves large and small against the hull.

Bolger boat fans sometimes complain that all of his hard-chined sharpie designs tend to be noisy below. I don't dispute the noise, but I don't mind it at all, in fact, I like it. One day when overnighting with my son Zach in the lee of Bassett's Island, as I was dropping off to sleep, in between hoots of a barred owl, I imagined a little naiad, dancing and leaping where the hull meets the waves. Bored when not under way, she stays with the boat and makes rhythmic splashes on the surface while she passes the time until sailing again.

Frann, the real woman of my dreams, was now sitting in the sunshine, sunglasses on and the collar of her windbreaker pulled over her ears. It was wonderful to see her framed by the companionway against the clear blue sky. I asked for her camera, as I knew she always carried a single-use cardboard camera in her windbreaker pocket.

"What do you want it for?" she asked.

"I want to take a picture of you framed by the hatch."

"Come on. My hair must be a mess in this wind."

"No, it looks fine," I said. Actually she looked better than fine. Frann is extremely reluctant to have her picture taken. That's why we have comparatively few photographs of her. I finally convinced her to let me snap a couple.

I brought up the thole-pins (6" sections of threaded steel) and sandpaper, and slipped them in the gunwale holes. They had been a little too loose on our last outing, so I was going to try wrapping an extra layer of sandpaper around the bottom of each pin for a better hold. I screwed the pins deeply into the holes I'd drilled into each gunwale and attached the cords so that the oars would be held snug against the thole-pins with each backstroke. We learned about thole-pins at

Cape Cod Harbors

Wet Phone on a Lee Shore

By Rob Gogan

the Champlain Maritime Museum. On the boats they let visitors row, they use thole-pins with little hemp cords long enough to go around both the oar shaft and the pin.

I put the pins and cords in place and tested the oars while the boat was still on the mooring. Frann had to pull her legs out of the foot well so that I could drop the oar handles enough to raise the blades without knocking her knees. I neutralized the drift and then some, slackening the anchor line enough to show that I could row in today's seas.

The Micro wasn't easy to row in a breeze though, even with the 9' sweeps I'd gotten from the Harvard boathouse. If broadside to the weather, she really caught the wind and side-slipped quickly. Off a lee shore, I had once run aground because in my panic I had caught a couple of crabs and hadn't been able to compensate for the drift in time. When our electric motor was working properly, I could run it on half power and row pretty well. It gave me a kick to think what watchers on shore would think to see a gray-haired man moving along a 1,000lb boat with a lot of freeboard using only a pair of sculling oars. Using both the motor and the oars, I could make her show a modest bow wave. Today, though, the motor was not working right due to problems with my charger. So, I hoped, oar power alone would be enough to keep us on the right course should we need alternate propulsion.

With a few whitecaps showing, I decided to set out with a reef in the main, which cut down the sail area by about 50%, but it didn't reduce the speed at all, it just scaled back the dramatic pitching, yawing, thumping and banging. Once the sail was up, we spanked along admirably on a roaring carpet of foam. When the Micro gets a bone in her teeth, her chines make a gratifying whine similar to a high-speed table saw, slicing through choppy waves instead of lumber. Behind us, the Micro's signature twin vortices of air spiraled like cables a foot under water as far as the eye could see. Though the Coast Guard's Small Craft Warning was in effect, I wasn't worried. If any real problems developed, I could pull the cell phone out of my pocket and call my brother or brother-in-law, and someone could come get us. The phone was new, only a month old, and my employer had just bought it for me.

Despite the stiff breeze, Frann was not the least bit concerned either because the boat was obviously up to the conditions. As we always do when alone, we started talking about the kids and relations, without fear of being overheard or interrupted. On the boat, Frann could relax in a way she couldn't when we were at home. Back home there was always work to do: routine domestic chores like cooking or cleaning, seasonal maintenance like window washing or gardening. The sense of obligation was amplified in my mother's rented house, where everyone needed to pitch in with cooking, cleaning and

laundry. On the boat, Frann had full license to forget all that. The principal way she spent her time was doing what the captain told her to do and admiring my sailing ability. It was a pretty good deal for me!

The waves got a lot choppy when we passed the point of Mashnee Island, with continuous whitecaps. We bore off the wind and sailed among the moored boats off Mashnee Beach. We were well-rigged for the ample air and the tiller responded well. The Micro sailed best on a broad reach, and I thought I saw some people on the beach looking out with appreciation. Having become more familiar with onlookers' first thoughts about Bolger's unusual cat yawl, I now knew they were probably thinking, "What the heck is that weird rig?" In any case, we nimbly scooted past the inert moored boats, kicking up a decent wake that made them yaw between their pitches. Maybe the spectators owned some of these boats and they watched because they were afraid we might collide with them. But we didn't touch or even splash any of them as we cruised through.

As we sailed back towards the mooring, I felt proud of our little boat, kicking up such a fine wake. We had beaten our way against the abundant breeze and managed to go where we fancied. But my smugness came a little early. The time came to prepare to pick up the mooring and tie up for the day. I decided to drop the main well upwind of the mooring and drift in on the mizzen, catching the buoy on the way by. We were still 100 yards from the mooring when things began to go bad. We were drifting too close to shore for the mainmast to clear the line to an out-haul pole which ran a loop of rope from the pole to a post on the dry shore. This setup enabled a boater to keep a skiff afloat beyond the low tide line, while enabling retrieval to shore at any state of tide. I tried to scull us off with the rudder, but the wind pressed us hard against the line. We weren't getting off without a push from shore. The pole was leaning with the strain, and I didn't want to uproot it so I flipped the rope ladder over the side and climbed into the cold thigh-deep water and shoved us off.

Noting the water level close to my waist, I suddenly realized that my cell phone, my employer's month-old, \$400 PDA cell phone, was completely submerged. When I climbed back aboard the boat and told Frann, she said, "Oh, no" sympathetically, but she also laughed. I couldn't help from laughing too, but I wasn't looking forward to telling my boss. I put the wet phone on the cockpit deck in the sun to dry it out. Then I had to kick into action with the oars. Fumbling with the cords and inserting the thole-pins cost me time and drift distance. By the time I had the oars pulling, we had drifted about five yards downwind of the mooring buoy and two yards downwind of the kayak.

Rowing was tough in the chop. As hard as I stroked, I could only make an inch or so of progress per stroke. When I caught a crab a couple of times, we drifted back 2'. I asked Frann to get up to the bow deck and see if she could reach the kayak in order to try and pull us up to the mooring line. She stretched as far as she could but she couldn't reach it. Unfortunately our only boat hook was a large screw hook I had threaded into the end of one of the wooden sweep handles. We couldn't put it to use to snag the mooring line without arresting our forward progress.

I decided to row as close to the snag-

gable kayak painter line as I could, then quickly unhitch the hook sweep and dip for the painter. First I dropped the mizzen to reduce the downwind drag. This time away from the oars cost us another ten yards. I rowed vigorously, thinking of whalers in a Beetle-built whaleboat chasing Moby Dick. Coming close, I made my move, but fumbled with the pins. One of them fell into the water, and I failed to reach the line with the hook. Now without a pin, I couldn't row a straight course, and we drifted shoreward like a canoe headed inexorably towards the brink of Niagara Falls.

It would have been good to have had the anchor handy, but it was way up in the bow, and I didn't want Frann to have to crawl for it. On subsequent windy outings I keep the anchor within easy reach of the cockpit with the anchor line running through the bow chock and cleated securely. This way I can toss the anchor quickly to stop drifting, even when alone.

The landlord's beach was only 100 yards downwind, and the ground was mostly sand. The Micro's bottom had only a short keel, so it would rest pretty much flat when we touched bottom. I decided to drift to shore, ground the hull, raise the sails again, wade her out far enough to launch (to about 20" of water), then and sail to the mooring. I had my eye on a couple of big rocks, but the boat's drift left them upwind of us. It felt good to stop rowing. As soon as we touched, I made sure the sheets were loose and free so that when I raised the main, the sails wouldn't start pulling before I was ready. I raised and cleated the halyards and the sails started flapping loudly. We both stepped into the water to shove us off.

The tide was falling, and by the time we both started pushing hard, the water had retreated a couple of inches below the float line. It was beginning to look like we might

be stuck there until the next high tide. We tried my lifting the bow while Frann shoved the stern. I have subsequently learned that with enough ballast forward, the Micro's keel will turn parallel to the bottom and give a few inches less draught. Now I stand on the nose when going for minimum draft, holding the mast for stability.

I was thinking about getting the oars and trying to pole the boat deeper. Then Frann noticed a teenaged boy in a yellow kayak nearby. We waved to him and he paddled over. I told him we were stuck and needed a push. So he kindly beached his kayak, got out and took a pushing station opposite Frann's side of the transom. I waded up to the bow, my phone was out of my pocket now, and lifted and pulled. With the added boost of our helper, the hull slid forward half an inch. "Yeah!" I said. "Do it again!" We shoved again: this time we made 3". "Again!" and she was afloat. With the additional push-power of our teenager, Frann was able to keep her off the sand.

I climbed up and over the ladder, grabbed the tiller and tightened up the sheets, mizzen first. If we headed off on a port tack and caught the wind soon, we would have enough shore room to clear the first submerged boulder. I got the "boathook" oar readily at hand and told the shore team to ease us off on a port tack. Soon the sails stopped thundering and we slowly gathered headway, the keel stalling a couple of times on rocks. If not for the stalwart pushers, we would have side-slipped and maybe run aground again. But the sails took, we gained momentum and at last headed off shore. I thanked our kayaker savior with a big wave. I could see Frann thanking him too and helping to push him off once he got in his kayak again.

This time I sailed directly to the mooring and did a perfect glide to the buoy, scooping up the line smoothly with the "boat hook."

Once I had my hands on the mooring line, I clutched it with all my strength and pulled the loop over the bow cleat. The boat porpoised a little back and forth, sails luffing thunderously, until I could drop them. Though I sat among a cockpit full of loose sails and lines, I felt much better immediately as the sense of quiet control pervaded the boat again for the first time in an hour since we had approached Rocky Point. There's nothing better in sailing than to make a safe anchorage after testing conditions.

Next time I was stuck on a lee shore, I would have the mainsail down and out of the wind to slow the back drift. The mizzen dragged too, but it also maintained the highly useful function of keeping our bow close to the wind without any rudder necessary. Every degree the boat was off the wind exposed more freeboard that caught the breeze and pushed us downwind. I found that with the main down and the mizzen sheeted in tight and, as long as I had two thole-pins, I could use the sweeps to keep us nose to the wind indefinitely in all but the strongest breezes. Rowing steadily, I could even make progress, though only at one foot per stroke. The main had to be all the way down, though, and on the way down the sprit would shiver sporadically.

I learned from experience that sailing could be a school of hard knocks, not least from that shivering sprit. But I learned a lesson with each knock. Today, I learned to keep a tossable anchor in the cockpit, that I need a dedicated boat hook, how to launch off a lee shore, and to keep my cell phone out of my pocket. Now it sits inside a ziplock bag in the sheltered cabin!

Two weeks later I saw our kayaker friend on the streets of Harvard Square. I said, "Hey! It's the kayaker who saved us when we were ship-wrecked!" He shyly smiled as his surprised friends looked at the young hero with newly appreciative eyes.

A New Year on Lake Nokomis

By Mississippi Bob

The ice was going out of the lake so I was out paddling at the end of March. I say going out because most of the lake was still covered with ice. There was a gentle north wind that day so the northern end of the lake was open. My normal launch spot was open so in we, the boat and I, went and paddled north and east then south as far as we could get until the ice shut me down and I began to backtrack.

I had paddled down the eastern shore nearly to the southern end. As I headed back to the northern end the wind shifted just enough so that the open lead was closing fast and my escape route disappeared. For a ways I could paddle through the slush but then as things got tougher I was forced ashore where the option was to line the boat on top of the ice and walk on the ice that had drifted ashore.

This opens a new boating season at Lake Nokomis. The next two days we had a strong southwest wind and 60° days. Later that week I got out again and found not surprisingly that the ice was all gone.

Lake Nokomis isn't the only place that I paddle, I had been out on the Mississippi River a few weeks earlier but by the end of March it was in flood and I no longer mess about in the spring floods. I wasn't always that smart.

Nokomis is close to home. Outboard motors are not allowed on the lake so it is a great place to play. It has been my play-

ground since the 1940s when my parents moved us to Minneapolis. In 1943 Nokomis had a swimming beach two blocks from home. I did have a toy sailboat that I often brought along. I remember that it had a star on the sail. It wasn't until years later that I learned how to make a sailboat go where I wanted it to go.

When I was a teenager the lake became one of the places that we spent a lot of time. By then I no longer lived in Minneapolis. We had moved way out into the country to the farmland south of town but the lake could still be reached by bike.

I spent a hitch in the Army followed by a hitch in the Coast Guard. I had my first sailing experience at my home port in Kodiak Alaska while still in the Coast Guard. It wasn't until I got back to my native country that I began using Nokomis as a playground for boating.

In the '60s I was a young married man raising a few kids. When I felt wealthy enough to even consider owning a boat I built a Sunfish type sailboat and began using

it at Nokomis. At that time there was a fleet of other Sunfish types that raced every Wednesday evening and Sunday mornings. I really learned sailing in that fleet.

As a kid I had spent a little time in a canoe but during the '70s I got into canoeing. It all happened real suddenly when some Minneapolis firemen showed up at the lake with a boat that they had built at the fire hall during their off time. It was, as I remember, the prettiest canoe that I had ever seen. I was hooked. I joined the Minnesota Canoe Association and learned the art of canoe building. I also learned a lot about how to make them go. That group got me away from Nokomis for a while as we paddled Minnesota and Wisconsin rivers and Boundary Water lakes.

Fifty boats later I came to realize that I didn't have to drive all over to enjoy boating. I have been spending more time on the Mississippi River, here in the city, and at Lake Nokomis. There are a dozen lakes within 20 miles of home, but only the ones in Minneapolis prohibit motor boats. That is reason enough to go there.

For the last five years I have been a caregiver for my first wife so my boating has been kept closer to home. I can get out for a couple of hours and spend a neat afternoon on the lake or get there in time to watch the sun set over the west shore. My lake has changed a lot since 1943 but my love for this lake is still strong.

The International Scene

For most in the maritime community, prosperity was not here yet but was visible on the far horizon. Many trade indicators rose (world trade should expand 9.5% in 2010) and some shipyards had plenty of new orders. But US-bound containers piled up in Asia as shippers avoided adding ships.

Largely because China resumed buying coal and iron ore, port congestion became a problem again. Worldwide one day last month, a record 380 bulkers were at anchor awaiting a berth. Most idlers were in Australia but also in Brazil, Indonesia, and China. (To provide a dollar value for estimating the cost of this congestion, the average capesize bulk carrier earned about \$30,000 a day.)

Finland was brought to a virtual standstill after some 3,000 dock workers went on strike for about two weeks. A tugboat strike can have the same effect on a large city in mere days, ask residents of New York City, Vancouver, or Rotterdam.

If you are interested in new natural gas fields, keep an eye on the Gulf of Mexico's Wilcox Sands. "The whole landscape of the subsurface geology of the Outer Continental Shelf is being reshaped," observed one expert. For those operators willing or able to drill wells about 28-30,000' deep and deeper and manage the extremely high pressures and heat in deep wells, the rewards may be massively great.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships collided and allided: In the Naruto Strait between Japan's Fukushima and Hyogo Prefectures, two cargo ships collided and two sailors are missing. One ship was Japanese and the other was registered in the Marshall Islands. No ship names appeared in the news item but the Japanese ship sank.

Fire and explosion took a toll: The LPG carrier *Golden Crux 18* had an explosion and fire while in the Yangtze River estuary and two of its crew went missing.

At a Shanghai shipyard, fire on the crude oil tanker *Braveheart* killed three workers and injured six others.

The Spanish Coast Guard vessel *Luz De Mar* was deluged a fire on the cargo ship *Theodore Jr* when the big tug *President Hubert* came along while en route to Cartagena. It asked if it could join the fun but the Spanish Emergency Towing Vessel said thanks but no.

Humans got hurt: The US Coast Guard searched some 850 miles south of Kodiak, Alaska, for two crew members of the container ship *Hanjin Pretoria*. They had been working on deck and may have been washed overboard. Weather conditions were 40mph winds, 20' seas, and water temperature at 46°F.

Gray Fleets

An explosion broke the South Korea frigate *Cheonan* in half and it sank, taking with it 46 of its crew of 104. The warship was on routine patrol near the border with North Korea. No immediate explanation of why the explosion occurred was provided.

A US Coast Guard captain was found guilty of more than 13 years of inappropriate (sexual) relationships with several female officers and enlisted Coast Guard personnel and civilians plus misuse of government property and asking an enlisted member to destroy evidence. By mutual agreement, he was retired with the rank of lieutenant because of his unsatisfactory service as a lieutenant commander, commander, and captain. As a result, he will lose about \$1.8 mil-

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

lion in retirement pay. There were additional penalties, such as a fine.

A US Navy submarine commander visited a Naval ROTC group and went out with the boys. He got drunk enough that he was relieved of command of the nuclear submarine *USS Chicago* for actions unbecoming an officer.

US Navy flight squadrons are apt to have fewer planes than usual because older planes reach the end of their service lives and enough more modern replacements are not being built. One result of this so-called "fighter gap" is the practice of transferring several older fighter aircraft to a carrier heading out for a prolonged deployment. The shortfall was about 245 aircraft but has been reduced "to a very low number."

The docked Indian Coast Guard off-shore patrol vessel *Vivek* was rammed by the Panamanian-flagged merchant vessel *Global Purity* and sank at Mumbai within an hour. The crew of 59 was either rescued or swam to safety. The 1,220-ton OPV, a member of the seven ship *Vikram* class, performed with considerable distinction in the aftermath of the Indonesian tsunami.

A Russian newspaper predicted that Russia's warships will essentially rust out by 2015. Several decommissionings of destroyers, support ships, and a Diesel sub are planned and replacements are scarce; a corvette joined the fleet in 2008, another was launched in March, and two others are being constructed. But Russia will float out the new *Graney*-class class multi-weapon nuclear attack submarine *Severodvinsk* in May. Construction, started in 1993, has been beset with multiple problems.

Observers have noted that most deployments of Russian Navy ships seem to demonstrate a certain lack of confidence. Typically, a warship such as a destroyer or cruiser or frigate is accompanied by a supply ship of some sort (usually a tanker) and a large sea-going tug or salvage vessel.

The unseen presence of a nuclear attack submarine may be more influential than the presence of a surface warship or patrol vessel. That seemed to be the reasoning why *HMS Sceptre* was sent to boost security around the Falkland Islands. But it may not be there for long because results from the first exploratory oil hole recently drilled were unpromising.

You know times are getting tight when they cut off the liquor. Royal Navy ships have been directed to stop hosting onboard cocktail parties (the famed "Cockers P" parties) although they were often useful diplomatically (and also allowed junior officers to meet the local ladies). This draconian prohibition will save less than £70,000 of the annual MoD budget of £36 billion.

Up to 60 sailors on the oiler *HMAS Sirius* were afraid they had received excessive radiation when a powerful radar on the frigate *HMAS Warramunga* accidentally locked on the replenishment ship for one to two minutes while it was refueling the frigate. Authorities were quick to assure the anxious gobs that the ships were far enough apart so there was no radiation risk to personnel.

A former high officer and official in the Chinese Navy assured the world that China has no plans for overseas bases but did note that a naval force with advanced armaments and enhanced capabilities could contribute more to UN-led anti-terrorism, anti-piracy, and disaster relief missions. An "active defense" was the country's strategy.

White Fleets

The cruise ship *Celebrity Mercury* underwent an unusually thorough four-day cleaning after three truncated or aborted voyages during which large numbers of passengers suffered from norovirus attacks. In 2009, only two ships visiting the US had more than 10% illness and none reached 20%. The *Celebrity Mercury* exceeded both limits despite repeated cleanups.

And the *Vision of the Seas* had hundreds of its passengers suffering from vomiting and diarrhea off the coast of Brazil. Some kind of "food poisoning" was blamed.

In the Philippines, the *C. Columbus* bumped the cargo ship *Daewoo Ace* that was unloading rice and then hit what a news item described only as "a steel bar." The cruise ship needed repairs before it could sail again but nobody was hurt.

Those That Go Back and Forth

UN peacekeepers rescued 29, including the Deputy Governor of the South Kivu province, after the ferry *Amani* went aground somewhere on the Democratic Republic of the Congo's Lake Kivu. Not only did they make the rescue but the bighearted UN folk also freed the ferry and fixed its engine.

And the big ferry *Stena Europe* failed to reach its destination at the Irish port of Rosslare, running aground just off the breakwater. No harm to its 307 passengers and 67 crew and the ferry was afloat again shortly afterwards.

A fistfight delayed unloading of the *Coastal Celebration* at Tsawwassen in British Columbia.

Twenty-four passengers were injured when the ferry *SuperCat 23* (a monohull in spite of its name) slammed into a pier at Batangas Port in the Philippines. Technical problems were cited as the reason.

In Brazil at the junction on the Solimoes River and about 190km from the inland seaport of Manaus, the passenger ship (ferry?) *A. Nunes* sank after it hit a tree trunk in the river. Two crewmen, reportedly trying to make repairs, were swept away to their deaths but 92 passengers were saved by a nearby boat.

In Cameroon, a small boat capsized while making a coastal trip to Nigeria and at last report nine had died while 15 were missing. But 40 others were saved.

In difficult ice conditions off Sweden the passenger ro-ro's *Amorella* and *Finnfellow* collided. Two icebreakers were on the scene and a third was on its way.

Travel between Dover and Calais on the ferries of one company came to a halt for five days as French ferry workers protested new work practices. Good Friday and Bank Holiday traffic was backed up for miles, especially because other booked-up ferries could not carry passengers from the strike-stopped ferries. Perhaps badly hurt by the strike, soon afterwards the beleaguered company described itself as "on the eve of death."

Workers on ferries traveling from Mostyn, North Wales, across the Irish Sea were steaming after the company announced it was ceasing that operation only 14 months

after starting it. Many workers had moved their families to North Wales. The company said the route was not making a profit and there were schedule problems due to dredging (or the lack of it).

At Edmonds, Washington, ferry workers pulled two distressed scuba divers from the water. The woman had some sort of medical emergency and required immediate hospitalization.

While the ferry *Dana Seria* was alongside at Parkston, Essex, UK, a Danish man fell overboard. He was rescued by the workboat *Maggie M* and transferred to the local lifeboat station for a checkup by medics. Then a police car took him back to the ferry.

At Melville, Louisiana, a motorist drove through a barrel barricade and off a ferry. His vehicle and perhaps the driver were trapped under the ferry.

Legal Matters

The increasing criminalization of mariners reached new depths recently. If the US government determines that seafarers may have used a "magic pipe" to bypass oily water into the sea, the officers involved must stay in the States until an investigation is finished, when some officers may end up indicted while others may appear as witnesses. A top prosecutor explained that this stringent and unfair policy was the government's way of "protecting their rights." Strangely enough, the involved ship may proceed on its business without delay. As background here, the US has received over \$200 million in fines since 1998 and has sent mariners to jail for more than 20 years.

Some ships seem to attract unwelcome and clinging attention of legal authorities. In France, the passenger ro-ro *Pentalina B* cannot leave the port of Brest because its crew is judged to be incompetent. The ferry was on its way from Scotland to Cape Verde when it asked for help due to water in the engine room. After repairs had been made, the port's safety center ruled that the Portuguese crew was incompetent. It was replaced with a Cape Verdean crew. But the safety center ruled that they, too, were incompetent, although properly licensed, to get the ship safely to Cape Verde and thus the ship must not sail. French sources claimed the crew was unable to start the ship's engines or deploy life rafts.

A French court imposed a €1 million (\$1.4 million) fine on the owners and master of the reefer *Matterhorn* for polluting the coast of Brittany about a year ago. The vessel was still at Brest since a €300,000 guarantee had not been paid.

Illegal Imports

USS Freedom, the first of the new Littoral Combat Ships to enter service, has been using its 40-knot speed to run down drug runners. Its third bust grabbed 2,127 kilos (4,689 pounds) of cocaine and its helicopter forced a small drug-runner to beach itself on a Panama beach after dumping 72 bales of cocaine overboard.

The US Navy unexpectedly used a new weapon against drug smugglers and it worked just fine. An unmanned Fire Scout drone took off from the frigate *USS McInerney* for a test flight but spotted a go-fast that probably carried drugs. The drone hovered unseen for three hours while sending back video, and it witnessed a refueling from a fishing vessel and a subsequent drug bust by the *McInerney*. Sixteen kilos of cocaine were seized after another 200 kilos had been jettisoned.

Far from the American continent, the reefer *Alameda Star* arrived at Novorossiysk (Russia's main port on the Black Sea) from Poti, Georgia, and authorities found a smallish amount of cocaine onboard.

At Antwerp, Belgian custom agents found 30 kilos of cocaine on the reefer *Summer Meadow*. Besides the parcel lay the body of a man. Apparently he was the drug runner and was unaware that carbon dioxide gas would kill him.

Customs agents at Jacksonville, Florida, received a tip that cocaine was on a tug inbound from Puerto Rico. Sure enough, a crew member confessed that someone had handed him a bag and told him to stow it somewhere and "someone" would later retrieve it. A "someone" (let's call him "someone 2") did show up and he led police to the airport; the original "someone" deplaned and went to a prearranged pickup point, where he was arrested. The bag held three kilos of cocaine. The same scheme had been used seven or eight times in the last three months.

Metal-Bashing

Fire in a huge oil spill engulfed a vessel being scrapped at Plot No. 27 on Alang Beach in India. The plot is one of 130-plus bits of beach used for breaking up old ships. How many workers were killed was undetermined but may exceed six. A similar fire a month earlier killed four.

At the Bhatiary ship breaking area in Bangladesh, a heavy steel plate fell on a worker and he died two hours later. He came from Bara Thakur Para of Bhatiary of Sitakunda Upazila. Research on Google seemed to indicate that he may have been a student at a local high school in the Sitakunda administrative district.

The US Navy uses six shipyards for building its major vessels but quality concerns, fewer ships needed, and other reasons could mean that General Dynamic's National Steel and Shipbuilding yard at San Diego and Northrop Grumman's yard at Avondale near New Orleans may disappear from the US naval shipbuilding scene.

Nature

One solution to territorial disputes is to let global warming settle the issue. For nearly three decades, India and Bangladesh have been arguing over who owns a tiny rocky islet in the Bay of Bengal but New Moore Island is now out of sight. Water levels in the Bay of Bengal have risen about 5mm a year over the last decade, two islands have disappeared and their inhabitants had to be relocated, and about ten other islands are threatened.

In Wales, a porpoise in trouble was spotted at the base of cliffs in the UK and both Cardigan lifeboats responded and a dive team was alerted. The exhausted mammal was entangled in a fishing net and was utterly passive. It took some time to unsnarl it and allow it to regain strength but at last report the porpoise swam out to sea. The episode inspired some members of the lifeboat crews to seek Marine Mammal Medic training. Yes, it is available and is supplied by the British Divers Marine Life Rescue organization.

Polar Tankers will pay \$588,000 to help compensate the public for environmental damage caused by a 2004 oil spill from its tanker *Polar Texas* of between 1,000 and 7,200 gallons of crude oil into Puget Sound near Tacoma. The money will be split between

numerous federal, state, and tribal government organizations. The company had already paid a \$540,000 fine for the spill itself.

For the first time in eight years, there was barge traffic on the Missouri River. Drought-caused low water levels and environmental concerns regarding fish breeding had kept barges away. By the way, the first tow of four barges carried 6,000 tons of badly needed fertilizer.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Somali pirates recently seemed infected with the stupids just as international policy shifted to hunt-down-and-destroy.

A "Pirate Action Group" (!) composed of a mother ship and two skiffs aggressively approached the Dutch frigate *HNLMS Tromp*, which fired warning shots. A boarding team then destroyed the skiffs and mother ship. The same frigate freed the hijacked container ship *Taipan* when it learned the crew was in a secure area and in effective control of the ship's movement. A helicopter then ferried a team of Dutch marines who rappelled down to the *Taipan's* deck and recaptured the ship.

And a skiff opened fire on the guided-missile frigate *USS Nicholas*, which promptly sank the skiff and confiscated a nearby mother ship.

Private security guards were active. Pirates twice tried to seize the *Almaezaan* but guards killed four (maybe one?) of them and a responding Spanish warship took six prisoners and destroyed their boat.

There is a sizable trade by motorized wooden dhows (hard to spot on radar) between Mid-East countries and India and pirates have been capturing dhows and using them as mother ships until food and fuel run out. They and their crews are then abandoned. One such dhow, the Indian-based *Faize Osamaani*, and three skiffs attempted to capture the *Rising Star*. The Omani fast attack craft *Al Sharqiyyah* and the guided-missile destroyer *USS McFaul* responded so the dhow's original crew jumped overside and were rescued except for one man, who drowned. The pirates then wisely agreed to "a compliant boarding" and were taken prisoner.

What to do with captured pirates remained a problem, with about 400 pirates facing trial in various nations. Kenya managed to prosecute and sentence eight pirates to jail but soon declared that it would be unable to cope with the number and complexity of prosecutions and the subsequent imprisonments.

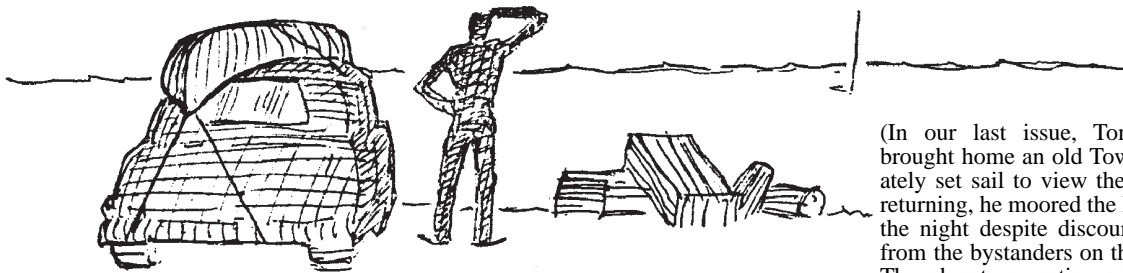
Odd Bits

In Scotland, logs and other debris carried on a high tide battered the doors of the Kinghorn Lifeboat Station so badly that they couldn't be opened and the Atlantic 75 lifeboat was trapped inside. Other boats from Anstruther, North Berwick, and Queensferry provided coverage until the doors could be removed.

Head-Shakers

British Columbia's Discovery Passage can have waves 12'-15' high when the tides are right. Add a gale and you have the conditions in which the 40' motorboat *Saucy Lass* broke down on a prawn trap-setting trip. A small local tug came to the rescue. The very next day, a larger tug went to the rescue of, you guessed it, the hapless *Saucy Lass*, again powerless on another aborted trap-setting voyage. As one cynical commentator noted, "So maybe third time lucky? Prawns have to eat, too."

How I came to own a Townie - II



THE NEXT MORNING

(In our last issue, Tom McGrath had brought home an old Townie and immediately set sail to view the tall ships. Upon returning, he moored the leaky old boat for the night despite discouraging comments from the bystanders on the pier at Nahant. The adventure continues:)

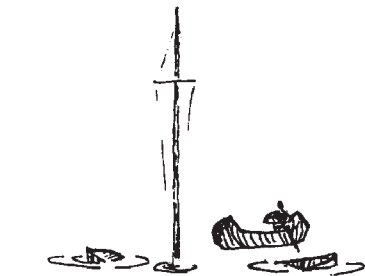
25 Years Ago in **MAIB**

I arrived early the next morning with a canoe on top of the car since I didn't have a pram. The sailboat isn't where I left it. Did it break loose? Was it stolen? No... I see the mast. It is awash. I paddled out to it and started bailing it out from the canoe with a large bucket. There was a chop and water would wash aboard. I bailed faster and got ahead of the incoming water and leaped aboard. The boat sank beneath me. I climbed out and back into the canoe and sat there awhile.

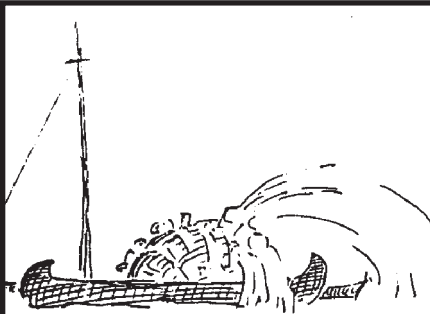
There was no wind and the early morning sun was getting warm. I thought to myself, "It's a great day to be messing about with a boat." This time I bailed the Townie almost dry before I got in. It was windy last night, accounting for this chop, perhaps it took water over the bow. Still, I took off everything I thought wouldn't float in case it sank again, paddled ashore, car-topped the canoe, and drove to work.

I returned that evening and saw the boat merrily bobbing at its mooring. I went home and slept soundly. The next morning I discovered that the boat had sunk again. Everything was wet. Apparently it had rained at night. That's what may have sunk the boat. Checked it that night. Still afloat. I slept a little less soundly. Returned the next morning. The boat had sunk again. It hadn't rained that night and there was no chop. There was no excuse I could think of. I had to admit that the boat just sinks at night of its own accord.

I bailed it out again thinking, "It's a great day, but a little monotonous, messing about in this boat." I decided not to check on it at the end of the day. Do it in the morning. Eleven o'clock that evening the harbormaster called and told me my boat had sunk. I thought it only sank at night when I slept. I



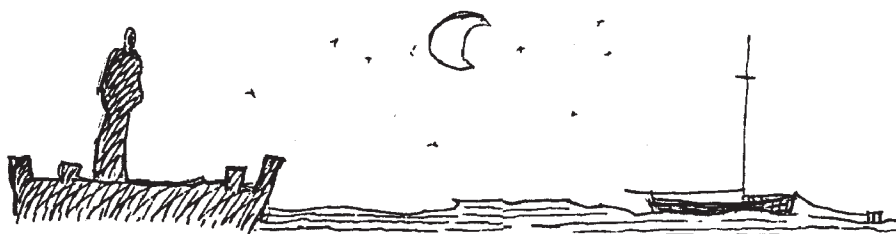
PADDLED OUT TO IT



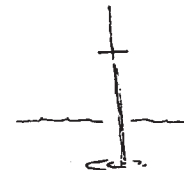
BAILED



LEAPED ABOARD



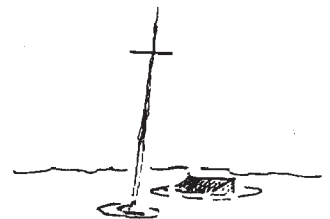
RETURNED THAT NIGHT



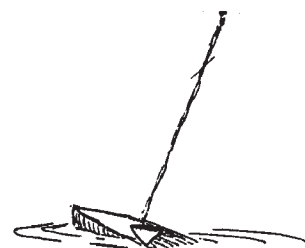
SUNK



AGAIN



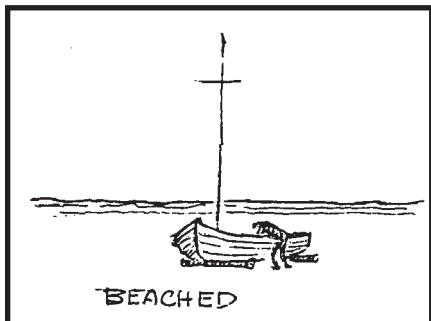
AND AGAIN



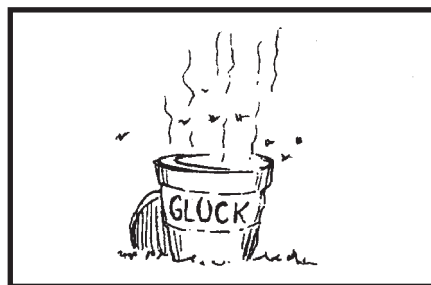
NAVAGATIONAL
HAZARD

bailed it out again assuming I wouldn't have to bail it out in the morning. The next morning the harbormaster called again, my boat had sunk again and was a navigational hazard. I would have to do something about it or get it out of there.

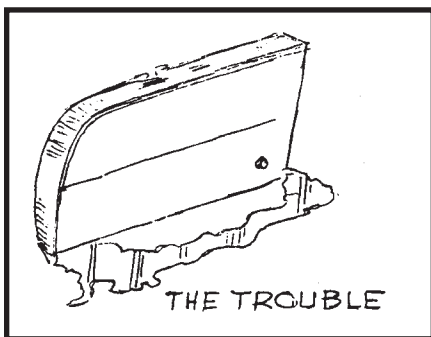
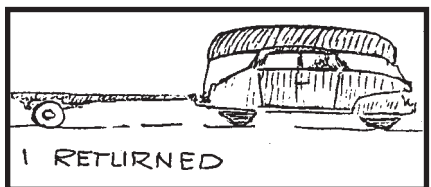
I took the day off from work. Went to a marine store and asked if they had a panacea for a sinking boat. I was given a large expensive can of evil looking gluck with glowing reports of its success. "Apply it underwater. It'll stick to anything. Great stuff." I wasn't taking any chances. I'd let the boat dry out first. I bailed the boat out and paddled it up on the beach at high tide, putting blocks of wood beneath it before it settled on the sand when the tide went out. I sponged out the remaining water.



It would take 12 hours to re-float it. Plenty of time to let it dry out. Another good day to mess about. I opened the can of evil smelling gluck and tried to apply it neatly to where I thought the leak was. The stuff stuck to everything alright; mostly to me. Then I stuck to everything else. I did manage to get some around the inside of the centerboard trunk and up into the centerboard slot. The tide re-floated the boat and I paddled it back to the mooring. The boat should behave itself now. Next morning the phone rang again.



I returned with a trailer, pulled the boat out and slowly drove home feeling like I was leading a funeral closely followed by a long line of impatient relatives. I dropped it in the back yard and waited to regain my patience, then turned it over and began operating on its backside; drilling holes and countersinking long screws up into the centerboard trunk. Another trip to the marine store for more stinking sticking gluck. Globbing it on and anti-fouling the bottom. Back to the ocean and into the water. There was a controllable trickle of water at the forward end of the centerboard trunk.



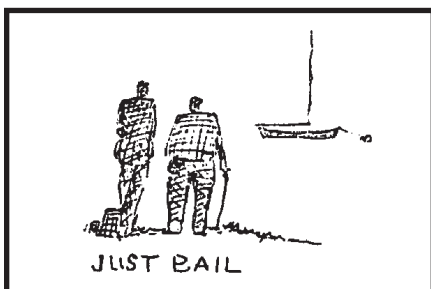
I asked the Wharfinger how long it takes a boat to swell up. "People usually don't sink their boats to swell them. Yours should have fully swelled the third time it sank."

"Then it isn't going to do anything else?"

"Only thing it'll do is sink again. Never saw a boat so determined. All boats leak a lot. Wooden boats do. Some worse than others."

"Can anything be done about it?"

"Just bail."

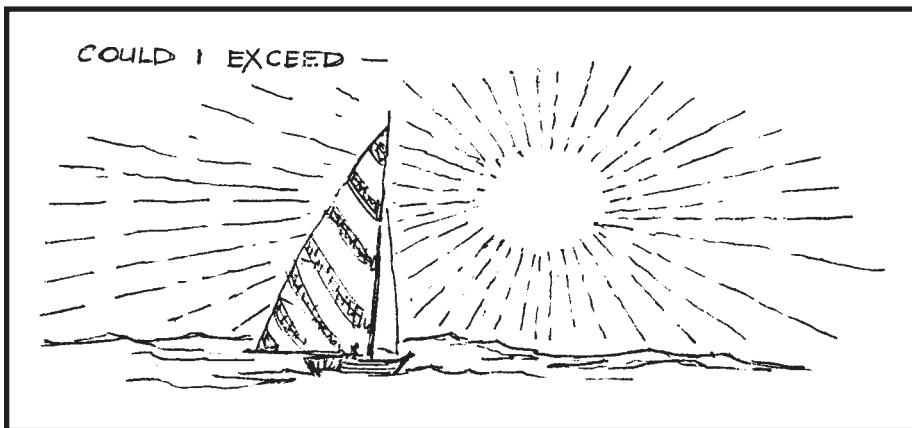
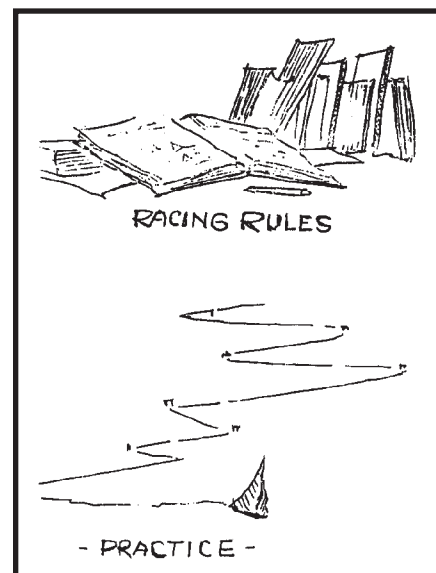


From then on I would bail and sail every other day. I'd get through the season and then replace the centerboard trunk

during the winter. I felt that we were both old and eccentric with serious faults that couldn't be corrected. These were the most enjoyable days. I would go down to the boat at night (or early in the morning if I took the day off, which happened often) and perform the sacred primordial ritual of preparing the boat for sea. Paddle out to the boat, raise the sail and cast off to sail out onto a slowly rolling sea with a fresh steady breeze. Could I exceed this celestial bliss?

I thought so. I would prepare to race the boat. The second stage of madness. I didn't want to win races. I just wanted to perfect my sailing, I told myself. I'll be sensible and just chase the fleet around. Stay out of trouble. Observe. I'll learn things I can't get out of books. After the race ask questions and listen a lot.

I read the racing rules and practiced in the harbor using the lobster buoys for markers. Tacking, tacking, tacking. Jibing, jibing, jibing. Missing them, overshooting them, running them over. The first day of racing was approaching and I felt I was well prepared with a damn fine boat!





Giselle at her berth on the bucolic Carman's River, displaying her dramatic rake and sheer.



The view from astern.

I used to keep a Sea Pearl 21 up a little creek on Long Island's Great South Bay until the congestion and bad behavior out on the open water took all the fun out of it. I tried getting out early, to beat the crowd, but around Patchogue it never seems to start blowing 'til 11am or 12noon, and by then it's too late. So I changed tactics and got me a little sliding seat rower, a 16' job made by a French outfit called Virus. As this article is about someone else's boat, I'll tell you all about mine some other time. The point is, I figured that a rowboat could get me out early regardless of the wind. This way I could be out and back before the start of the parade. I also moved to a marina further east, towards the terminus of the bay, which I knew to be a little quieter than the area I was in at the time.

The marina is located in a small canal cut out on the west side of the Carman's River, which is part of the Wertheim National Wildlife Refuge. Wertheim is a big parcel donated to the US Fish and Wildlife Service and serves as an important stop-over for lots of migratory fowl. Aside from the ubiquitous phragmites, it's maintained in an absolutely pristine state. From what I can see, they are also working on the phragmites problem and seem to be experimenting with various techniques for re-establishing the native spartina. Controlled burns over the winter seem to be the latest approach and it appears to be having a positive impact.

So, just about every Saturday between March and December (or until the creek ices over) I get up early and make my way down to the marina. Usually I'm out on the water by 7am or 8am and back no later than 10am, well before the onslaught. Also, it turns out that down on the east end of the bay the breeze comes up at about 8am, much to my surprise, but, of course, I had sold the Pearl to buy the rowboat. At the end of the canal is another small scale marina called Squassux Landing.

My row takes me past the very last slip at Squassux, which happens to be occupied by the most enchanting sailboat. Being an early bird, for years I never managed to cross paths with the owner to ask him about its pedigree. Then one day, probably two years ago, I open my just arrived copy of *MAIB* and there, in the letters to the editor section, is a photograph of the very same boat, along with a caption that read something along the lines of "Hello *MAIB*, here's a shot of my boat

Giselle

By Brian Salzano

Giselle. Someday I'll send in a little more information about it." That was all it said. The signature line was one Michael Ince. And that was it, nothing more.

Subsequent to that time I would once or twice chance across the boat with the owner on board. I was embarrassed to find out in the first meeting that he had immediately identified me from information culled out of a number of ranting letters I have sent in to *MAIB* in the past. We never had time to say more than a passing hello, he may have thought I was some kind of psycho (a harsh but understandable judgment) and I patiently waited for a forthcoming article, an article that never appeared.

So, after two years of silence on Mr Ince's part, last spring (2009) I said to myself, enough. This is a great little boat, and if Ince isn't going to write it up, then I'll do it for him. I wrote a short letter to that effect, put it in a zip-lock bag, and left the bag on his foredeck with a rock for a paper weight. I think it was a couple of weeks later when I finally got a call from Mr Ince, inviting me down to his place to discuss and show the boat in detail.

On the appointed day my first stop took me to Mike's home. As soon as I pulled into the driveway I knew something out of the ordinary was going on there. Turns out Mike is an artist of international repute and his house qualifies as a work in progress. His medium of choice is wood, and he put the same effort and skill into the construction of *Giselle* as he does his art. He's been at work on the house for about 25 years. The place is very hard to describe, but if pressed I would characterize Mike's home as a mix of part rustic Victorian, part high gothic, part "Where the Wild Things Are," part accidental.

There are elements of every sort incorporated into the structure. Carved beasts stare out from odd corners. Raw, unmilled woods accent the structure elsewhere, and in other places finished carpentry of the highest caliber fill out the gaps. But the effect of it all is a unified whole, each detail carefully considered and impeccably executed. The property sits on several acres bordering the edge of Wertheim, and there are out

buildings and follies scattered about, each unique but all done in the same sensibility as the main house, including the Mother Goose chicken coop. At the southern edge is a small (200sf?) guest cottage which might have come straight out of a Bruegel painting, fronting a vast expanse of marsh leading out to a unhindered view of the Great South Bay and Fire Island in the distance.

And there I spent a most enjoyable hour or two, chatting with Mr Ince about his home, his boat, and life in general, all while taking in the extraordinary locale. At the end Mike suggested that any article about the *Giselle* would not be complete unless a sail on the boat was involved, and I would, of course, not miss the opportunity anyway. So here then, is my report.

Giselle, I was surprised to learn, is an old Raven class hull that Mike came across through an ad in a deli many years ago. He had some experience on these boats and couldn't let it go by. After doing quite a bit of cruising in the past on larger boats, even living for many years on a 51' 20-ton wooden cutter in and around the Bahamas, he said he'd had enough of big boats and was interested in a small boat that he could take across the bay to Fire Island and perhaps overnight aboard before heading home.

Being an open boat, a Raven is not exactly ideal for that use, but Mike had some ideas about that. First, a stock Raven is a bit small for two, so why not stretch it a bit? This was accomplished by adding a sheer strake cut from northern white cedar to either side of the hull, beginning at the stem and extending an extra 4' aft past the transom. Next, a locust timber was added to the keel, extending aft and tying into the two sheer strakes to form the skeleton of a canoe stern, effectively turning the boat into a double ender. Adding 4' onto the stern provided room for an outboard motor well. No need for a reinforced motor mount as the original transom could serve as the forward bulkhead of the motor well. This also permitted the construction of a cabin trunk beginning just forward of the original transom, which meant that a larger portion of the hull could be utilized for interior space while still leaving plenty of room for the cockpit.

Oval and round portholes salvaged from derelicts accent the cabin trunk and provide plenty of light down below. The centerboard trunk limited the interior to an unacceptable

degree, so it had to come out, to be replaced with a really big set of leeboards. Now the below-decks space was fully formed and could be fitted out to the same standard as Mike's house. Of course, all this work added quite a bit of weight topsides, so he taught himself the art of lead casting and added a couple of hundred pounds of lead to the locust keel. Extra weight means extra sail would be needed, so how about a bowsprit to carry a flying jib? Or maybe the bowsprit was added just because it's spiffy, but either way it makes for a magnificent looking boat.

A beautiful hull demands a beautiful rig, and the original aluminum rig that came with the purchase was simply unacceptable. But who has the time to make a wooden rig from scratch? It's a tough nut finding enough good wood these days anyway. So Mike packed up the old rig and brought it down to the Suffolk County Maritime Museum in lovely Sayville, to which he offered it as a donation. He made some inquiries for suggestions about where he might find himself a proper wooden rig, and the museum staff responded by tossing him the keys to the loft and telling him to see if there was anything up there that might be useful. Apparently the museum, while short on vessels, has a surplus of vintage rigs that they don't have the room for. So Mike goes home with an old spruce gaff rig. He lengthened it some before fitting it onto the boat. A new set of tanbark sails replete with a flying jib for the bowsprit was the last touch, and *Giselle* was, after a fashion, complete.

We got her out for a sail on a blustery Sunday in July, I believe it was the 5th, Mike, myself, and some friends of Mike's. We reefed down the main and got the jib up. She's got a cutter rig and the weather didn't really merit the main jib (or would that be a staysail?) but we were ready to give it shot, and would have had not some sloppy handling on my part resulted in a variety of tangled sheets. It's been a while since I'd been on a small sailboat (having sold the *Vodex Vextok* years ago), and my first time on gaff cutter to boot, so I'm afraid I was not doing my best as a fore-deck hand. Lucky for me Mike is as patient as he is gifted.

We headed south across the bay under the main while I tried to sort out the mess I had made of the sheets. The jib sheets weren't too stubborn, but in the time it took to get those untangled their counterparts on the flying jib had worked themselves into a perfect, bocce ball sized knot of rope. I was chagrined. Dropping the hook in the lee of John Boyle Island only added to my embarrassment when the anchor rode got tangled in bits of line sticking out of the bocce ball. Mike took it all in stride, even though I could tell he had internally adjusted his pre-formed opinions of my sailing experience, which is more extensive than it may have appeared at the time.

Eventually we managed to unwind it all. I hopped out into the water (*Giselle* draws only 12" or so) and Mike headed her off under sail so I could snap some action photos, none of which I was terribly pleased with because John Boyle Island lay directly upwind, preventing Mike from heading past me at just that right point of sail. But I think we managed to document this piece of floating artwork sufficiently to present here to the readership. I hope everyone enjoys the pictures as much as I enjoyed obtaining them.



Detail of the cockpit. Round portholes aft, oval portholes to port and starboard. As it ought to be, all the blocks are either wood or bronze



Cabin trunk detail: The mast sits in a tabernacle. The piece of lumber which appears to hinge just behind the deck hatch in the lower right is the chock that keeps the mast in place. The original coaming of the Raven hull can be seen running along the base of the cabin trunk.



Here's the detail work at the mast tabernacle. Finely detailed, but still lending itself to a workboat look and feel. High art but without pretension. I particularly like those curious bronze belaying pins, custom turned by a local machinist named Jeff Slechta. And the round portholes on the forward cabin trunk mirror those aft.



Detail of the stern. This gives a clear view of the sheer strakes Mike added. The motor still mounts to the original transom, providing a strong and reliable mounting that requires no reinforcement. The sheer strakes are solid timbers that run all the way up to the bow. Note the subtle, but graceful, curve of the tiller (which I believe is just about 6' long) and the concave tapering on the cockpit railing.



This is not your average, everyday rudder post.



A very pleasing angle. The height of the cabin trunk aft provides reasonable headroom when below, but to carry it all the way forward at that height would have just ruined *Giselle's* profile so Mike angled it down as it carries forward. The domed roof on the cabin minimizes the visual impact of the height, and the line of the curving toe-rail converges almost perfectly with the sheer strake at the bow creating a graceful, arcing triangle. Was this planned, accidental, or the subconscious machinations of the artist's mind? When queried, Mike responded the lines of the cabin top were inspired by a certain style of Chinese chair which he felt was particularly sexy. Can't argue with that.



A deck-level view looking forward. The stays are all galvanized wire with bronze crimps, wrapped with plain old electrical tape. The oval portholes installed on the athwartships surfaces contrast with the round ones fore and aft.



Bow detail. If the printer has done his job well you'll be able to see where the locust stem fairs into the original fiberglass. The bowsprit is offset to avoid compromising the structure of the stemhead.



Another view from astern, this one from sea level. Note again the amazing detail on the rudder post, the graceful tiller, and the dramatic sheer.

I am sorry to report that with John Boyle Island lying directly to windward, the rear leeward stern quarter viewing angle that is best for boats under sail could not quite be achieved. This is the best of the bunch, and it's far from sufficient in my estimation. Even so, it's to the builder's credit that the boat captivates the eye from any angle.



Happy sailing. Next time you're out on the Great South Bay keep an eye out for her. You can't miss her.



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Two summers ago I finished, floated, and paddled my Mill Creek 13 kayak. It tracks straight and is easy to paddle. I like it. However, it weighs a little over 30lbs and is 13' long. To transport, it must be hoisted and tied down upon my van. That takes more time and effort than I care to expend these days. I'm back to keeping it short and simple when transporting watercraft. I won't use it as much as my little 9' with skeg which slips inside the van quickly and conveniently.

So I decided to build another 13' kayak, only it would be a take-a-part that would fit inside the same van as the little 9'. I've noticed that the 13' has a much better glide compared to the shorter one.

My original idea was to build it in one piece. I would water test it and if it tracked straight, then cut it into three pieces. So my son Mike and I built it. The three piece craft would even fit into smaller vans or wagons. Later, after cutting off the stern section, I changed my mind and left the bow section in one piece. The uncut bow section at 9' long easily fits in the van. The 4' stern section rests snugly next to the bow section in the van when in transit.

Construction consisted of the usual $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood keel, and $\frac{1}{8}$ " slab plywood sides with no bilge panel. The usual wire stitch and tape method was used on the seams. The regular bulkheads fore and aft at the take-a-part junctions were doubled in thickness to absorb the bending moments applied by water obstacles such as boulders or rocks. I used aviation aluminum corner brackets to strengthen and receive the attaching bolts during shore-line assembly of the stern and bow sections. The brackets are $\frac{1}{4}$ " 2024 tough alloy. These brackets were glued and screwed internally against the base of both take-a-part bulkheads and later drilled to receive the $\frac{1}{4}$ " attachment bolts. See sketch:

My Wooden Take-A-Part Kayak

By Bob McAuley

My original attachment method for joining the sections in the field or by the creek, was a five-bolt method. Two $\frac{1}{4}$ " bolts were located below the waterline and the other three spread out equally across the top of the same bulkhead. After several hours of water tests, this method worked but was labor intensive and used a lot of O-rings to keep things DRY! Disassembly at the water's edge proved time consuming and awkward.

I decided to adopt a BETTER method employing only the top three bolts and no O-rings anywhere. On the bottom of the bulkheads, instead of bolts, I fastened tongue and groove brackets fabricated out of $\frac{1}{4}$ " aluminum flat stock, $1\frac{1}{2}$ "x14" long. They are riveted together forming a grooved step which is bolted to the lower aft bulkhead just behind the paddler but facing skyward forming the groove. (See sketch).

The same combination of riveted bars was used and permanently joined to the bottom of the stern bulkhead only facing downward. This is the tongue.

Now, to join the stern to the bow section at water's edge, I simply lower the stern tongue down into the groove on the bow section's aft bulkhead and drop a special "U" clamp over the two exposed bulkhead tops. That special clamp holds the two sections together while I leisurely go about installing the three bolts with wing nuts. Recent tests show that even two bolts hold it together as well as three. Once they're secure, it's launch and paddle!!

Water can flow freely between these two opposite sealed bulkheads, yet not leak in. It's 100% watertight! However, this new method left about a $\frac{3}{4}$ " gap between the attached bulkheads. I knew this would cause swirls and water turbulence with its consequent drag. I don't like drag. To combat the drag, I fashioned up a composite sandwich of .020 aluminum sheet between two plies of fiberglass epoxied to the bow's aft bulkhead sides and bottom to close the gap. It works just fine. It fits like a permanent sleeve smoothing the flow of water past the gap.

The bow section weighs about 35lbs. The stern section weighs 16lbs and is easy to carry at its center of gravity, using just one hand inside the baggage compartment bulkhead.

I have no current plans to cut the bow section and make it into the original three-piece kayak. If I ever downsize from my current van into something smaller, then that 9' bow section probably won't fit. That would be the time to make the CUT. But, you know it's hard to cut a perfectly good waterproof kayak!! I still get nightmares!

If I ever build another, it would be maybe 5lbs to 10lbs lighter as I've learned a few shortcuts. The forward cockpit differs from conventional kayaks as I needed access to that forward bulkhead for the original five-bolt attachment method. This new take-a-part kayak wouldn't need that access space. One of my grandsons, Calvin or Max, will fill that extra open space facing grinning Grandpa. All that's left to do is some cosmetic painting around those fiberglass water fairings. Water glide tests are in order to see which of my two 13' kayaks is faster.

For transit from van to water, we piggy-back the stern on top of the bigger bow section. (See photo.) A bungee cord holds it all in place and dolly wheels take the weight off of the hand grip and off my shoulder!!



Bulkheads glued together. They are twice as thick on the take-a-part.



Aluminum angle mounted on keel/bulkhead joint.



Stern post with eyebolt screwed and glued tight.

Frame ready for side panels to be stitched together on keel.



Side panels copper wired to keel.





Gap plates epoxied onto aft bulkhead. Plates and painted trim to be painted when weather warms up.



Hull sanded and ready to epoxy gap plates into place.

The forward baggage compartment will fit a Playmate lunch cooler and is covered by a plywood hatch with a painting of a Fox head. That Fox head is my way of saying a "Thank You" to Jim Phillips who waged clandestine warfare with some companies that were polluting the beautiful Fox River just outside Chicago. His identity was unknown until after his death. I read there is a memorial to him somewhere along the Fox. This spring my daughter and son are scheduled to once again paddle the Fox in the Tri-City Challenge down the Fox sponsored by the YMCA.

Now I know Easy Rider also sells take-a-part kayaks made out of high tech composites, but these are expedition quality. They are too expensive for my weekend paddles on backwaters, creeks, or mild rivers. My craft cost less than \$150 and maybe 40 hours of creative labor.

Now you go build your dream... Happy Paddlin'.



Stern section nested next to bow section inside van when in transit.



Side view on transit wheels. It's easy for me to tow although it weighs 50lbs.



Rear view on transit wheels showing the aluminum tongue & groove lower attachment.



"U" clamp temporarily holds stern in place while I insert just two top bolts.

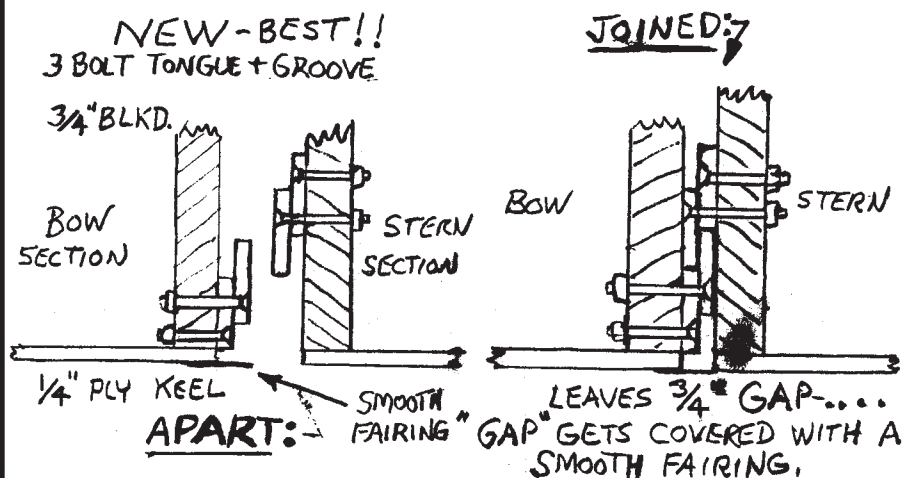
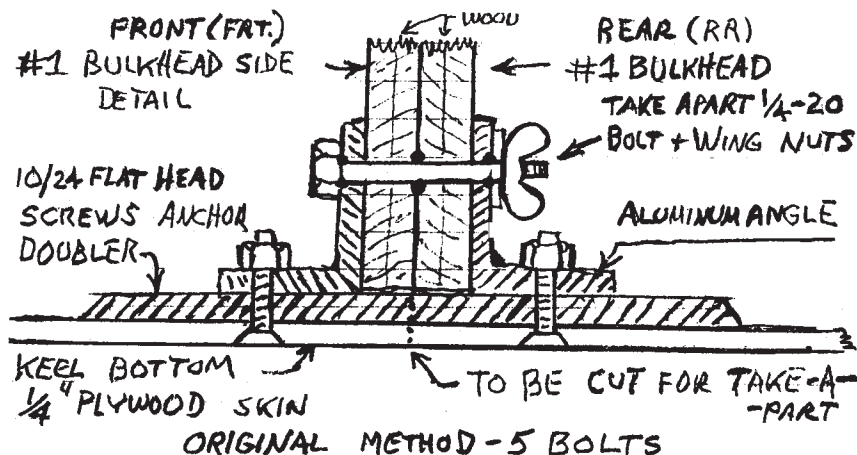
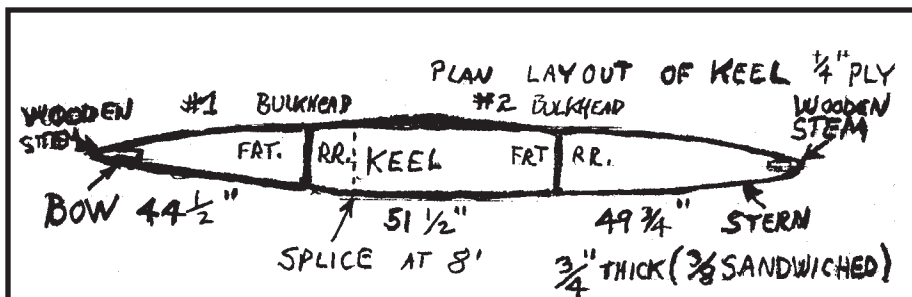
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32 – Messing About in Boats, June 2010

Son Mike testing new two-bolt attachment with gap plate installed.





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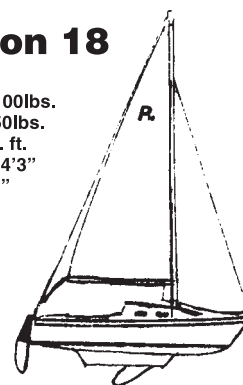
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After owning an untold number of sailboats over the past 50 years, I seem to have come full circle. For a long term ragbagger, I have uncharacteristically acquired a couple of quasi-derelict Glasspar products: A 1965 16' Citation, and a 1959 17' Seafair Sedan. Motor boats. OK, so, it's dabbling on the dark side. I know. But, I don't really have a problem. And I can quit any time I want to. You, just don't understand.

I had a "fling" with a new Avalon during the summer of '63 that left a lasting impression. In a sort of unguarded moment, last fall I "allowed one to follow me home." Sort of. OK, so I didn't exactly shoo it away. But, before no more than a little bit of daydreaming could get started, a total workshop renovation sent her packing to a snowy and muddy and icy storage spot across the border, in Idaho. I hadn't even sat behind the wheel yet, or even tried to start the engine. OK, so I turned the wheel a little, and talked to her a bit? Doesn't everybody?

Anyhow, I got a replacement Plexiglas windshield from a guy who had freshly-disembowered Avalon parts stacked in his pickup bed. The windshield cost half what I spent on the boat, motor, and trailer. I have plans to get the Citation back into some sort of original configuration. You see, this boat, while not exactly running, does have a new name. She's *Summer of '63*, of course. A girl needs to look her best. The windshield was a step in the right direction. About all that's left to do is a paint job, re-upholstery, rewire, trailer overhaul, and maybe a new engine. We're about ready for the water.

Until this past Friday afternoon; I had never even touched, much less, been aboard or underway on, a Seafair. However, the sales brochure showing several of the jaunty 17-footers adorned my bedroom wall when I was about 14. A couple of long-burning love affairs, I suppose. Normally, I don't do things on the spur of the moment. That just takes too long. I guess this "impulse" took a bit longer than normal, about a half-century to mature. And, now another one has "followed me home." I do have a sad admission to make. About 6-8 years ago I got an abandoned Avalon from a guy who "was gonna" take his kids water skiing. Someday. Anyway, after getting into the guts of the matter, I discovered that about all that I would have left remaining, would be the shape. It really was bondo patching the bottom. The transom had never really been stuck together properly, and had deteriorated by then to less than graham cracker material standards. And, like many of us, I had more "mouths to feed" than this one little waif.

So, I finally did the unmentionable. (I suppose there's a 12-step program for this.) I paid somebody to cut her up and sold the trailer. No, I couldn't bring myself to do that dastardly act. (Much like a vegetarian wear-

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

But Ma, It Just Followed Me Home Can't I Keep It!?!

By Dan Rogers

ing leather shoes?) Yep. An ugly admission and I hope to not repeat that dark deed.

Then, I saw the Seafair on craigslist the same night I brought the Citation her new windshield. This is really like having two dates for the prom. Basically, I think the analogy goes more like this. Remember the cheerleader you were always afraid to ask out, back in high school? Sure, just about all of us had one of those relationships-from-afar. Well, imagine meeting up 50 years later. She's still "got it." You have a whirlwind romance. You're thinking those happily-ever-after thoughts. And, just when things are looking good, you discover (she already knew) that she has cancer. The operation will be almost as bad as the disease. But, whatta ya gonna do? The adventure continues.

One Glasspar went to the local outboard mechanic this week for a general evaluation of the 1973 vintage 100 horse Evinrude, the skiboat, "Citation" model. The other "date for the prom" went directly to the operating room. Once I discovered that cleaning out the interior also involved removing multiple yard bags of wasp and/or hornet nests along with decades of accumulated trash, dirt, and miscellany the schedule got put on "expedite." Going from the cold outside to the warm inside seems to have signaled "spring" to the bugs. No time to be wasted in moving them back to winter. At that point, the ASLONGAS light was fully illuminated.

By the next morning, I was removing great swaths of rotted plywood and crumbling lumber from a half-century of darkness in the bilges, cabin lockers, and forepeak.



Rushed to surgery.

By day three with the Seafair I had the cockpit and cabin sole removed. Splash well was propped up on the shop floor. Transom "graham cracker" core ripped, and torn, and chiseled out. Replacement plywood transom pieces cut and shaped and already bonded back in. Not much sleep, and Motrin stocks running dangerously low.



Nothing left of the old transom, except an 1/8" glass skin and the imprint of rotten plywood. The stringers were turning to dust, too.



Taking no chances with new transom: 2" thick at the top, 4" at the bottom. Plus the stiffener for the stiffener. Knees and other braces still going in. Splashwell got stiffened up, too.

By lunchtime on day four, new stringers were shaped and bonded. The original 1"x6" solid lumber stringers under the sole were poorly tabbed and quite rotted. Actually, crumbs and dust is about all that's left in many places to mark their passing. At first, I thought I could simply inject some epoxy here and there, lay a new sheet of plywood down, and get on with the program. Not-a-chance. So. Now, it's been a week. The Motrin bottle is quite empty.

Frames, stringers, and new sole are all in. The splash well has been re-enforced from the bottom and temporarily clamped back in place while I try out different cockpit seating mockups. Berth flats are partially rebuilt. Sanding and painting interior wooden pieces are almost next.

The "other girl" sits engineless in the driveway ahead of *Lady Bug*. Both are tarped

"I'm sorry, ladies. The doctor has asked to reschedule your appointments..."



"She's responding to treatment."



and covered with a late season snowfall. And, the 100 horse Evinrude was left behind at the mechanic's "for parts." I can't fix a broken heart. I shouldn't fix a motor that will continue to eat money faster than gasoline. But, I can fix a broken transom. I'll probably get the chance to fix a couple of them.



Old floor cut away, new keelson clamped up.



A new ladder frame and the new transom core. Probably way overbuilt.

Several sheets of plywood are now mostly sawdust, strips, chunks, and panels. The Seafair awaits the next phase of reconstruction. I do think she's got that glow about her. And, I just sat in the cockpit and swore I could already feel the spray in my face! Her name? Why, *Old Salt*, of course.



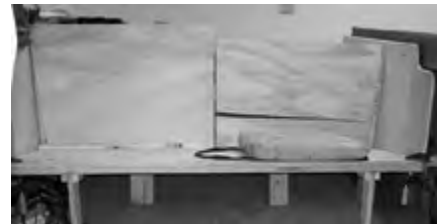
Unorthodox "clamping" for new floor section. Sailboat winch, old ammo box full of tools, and vehicle-mover cart were the heaviest things I could grab to hold everything in place.



New floor is in. Time to get started building a boat around it!

Right now, I gotta go in and check craigslist for a couple big outboards. Oh yeah, and a little something for *Lady Bug*. She gets a little jealous with all these other girls getting most of my attention.

Naw. I don't have a problem. I can quit any time. If, I really wanta.



Trying a mock up of the stern seat. I wonder if the gas tanks will fit under this? Bilge pump? Batteries? Anchor and rode?



Just starting to re-invent the berth flats. Yet to come is the "traditional" fold-away recliner chair, galley, port-a-pot stowage, etc. Cabin bulkheads will probably have to be replaced or covered up. The adventure continues...

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Modeler Richard Hughes with his *Amerigo Vespucci* and *RMS Discovery*.

Ever looked at a beautiful and highly detailed display ship model, you know, the ones usually housed inside glass cabinets as protection against dust particles and prying fingers in poke mode? I can well remember from my Guyana days, an absolutely awesome model of a Dutch passenger/cargo liner 12' long that graced a company I worked for in Georgetown who were agents for the KNSM line. More amazing was the fact that it was not just a waterline model.

How many times I would stop and gaze in awe at this model made by the firm of Bassett Lowke in Britain who were masters at the trade, operating (as I remember) out of Northampton, and in later years I became equally fascinated at their model railway steam engines and rolling stock in several gauges they sold at a small shop in London. Long gone are those days I would imagine, where this now economy-pressured world could sustain such a business, and it is now really skilled amateur ship modelers filling demands from customers.

Modeling *Amerigo Vespucci* & *RMS Discovery* To Museum Quality Standards the Work of Briton Richard Hughes

By Mark Steele

Richard Hughes, an Englishman, is one of them and he has been ship modeling since 1990. His display model of the Italian Navy's sailing ship *Amerigo Vespucci*, highly detailed and built to a length of 180cms or just under 6', is testimony to Richard's extremely high standard of work requiring an abundance of both skill and patience.

Richard engages in his building of ship models purely as a hobby for he is a business advisor for a company called Business Link

Northwest in the northwest of England. He lives in Southport, Merseyside, has built models on commission whereby others have been snapped up by purchasers, and he restores old pond boats and models of modern sailing yachts, including A Class racing yachts.

His model (to the same size as *Amerigo Vespucci*) of the *RMS Discovery*, the boat that Captain Robert Falcon Scott commanded to the National Antarctic Expedition 1901-1904, is equally impressive. I wish that I had better photos of his 30" sailing model of the Spanish sailing ship *Juan Sebastian de Elcano* which he would like to build another somewhat larger model one day.

His website worth a visit is: www.tallshipmodels.co.uk.

Adjusting some of the fiddly bits on *Amerigo Vespucci*.



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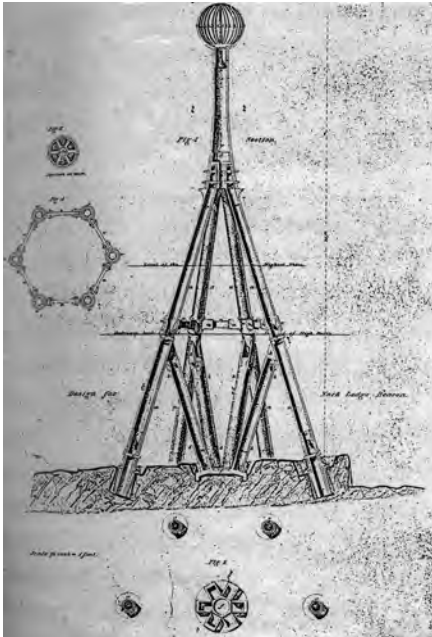
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The York Ledge Monument

By Irwin Schuster



I have long been interested in a detailed account of the design and installation of a much-needed aid to navigation off York, Maine, undertaken in 1840. The document appeared in *MAIB* some years back, submitted by Kinley Gregg, of York. It tells of the efforts of iron men working on the New England coast. It starts...

"From Hazard's *United States Commercial and Statistical Register*, Volume 5:

We are indebted to Alexander Parris, Esq. for a copy of the following interesting communication. It details the difficult and dangerous operations of his workmen on one of the most exposed situations on our coast, and the successful accomplishment of the undertaking. A plan of the Monument was exhibited at the recent Fair in Quincy Hall, and attracted the eye of almost every visitor.

(*Portsmouth Journal*, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, September 13, 1841).

I have transcribed the document as originally written: spelling, punctuation, capitalization and all. It is an extremely detailed account of the erection, on a rocky reef only rarely exposed by tides. It does not record many vital dimensions; the span of the hexagonal base, angles of pillars or diagonal supports, diameters of the central 8' tubular cap or rings described, nor the size of the iron central block. They may be inferred and scaled from the image of the York Ledge Beacon, from the National Archives and Records Administration (records group 26), located with assistance of Jeremy D'Entremont, author, operations manager of Friends of Portsmouth Harbor Lighthouse. Mr. D'Entremont conducts New England Lighthouse Tours. This is clear proof that I have friends in high places!

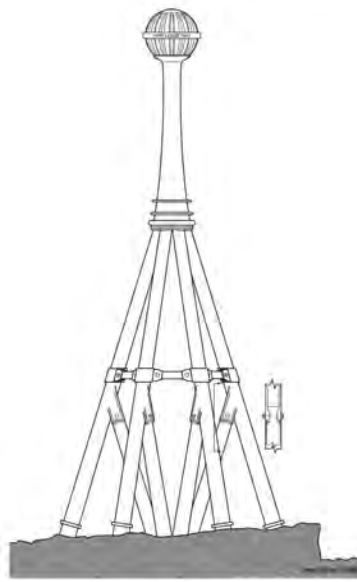
The site is about four miles offshore from York. First, a shore base station was built for lodging and logistics, and three rowing boats were built on site for transport of men and material. Very roughly, the "beacon" or "monument" was 34'-35' tall. The iron ball was 42'

in diameter. The men were on shore about 500 days but only able to access and work on the ledge for 99, and then only a few hours, sometimes only minutes, at a stretch (after one to three-plus hours of rowing).

Consider the difficulty of erecting this structure even in good conditions, without access to power. What kind of temporary beams must they have taken out there to get it up? And how precarious the rowing must have been with these parts aboard! I remain puzzled as to why buoys were not employed, instead. Anybody?

I find this excerpt proof that this was a different breed of men: "In the month of June all of the pillars comprising the lower section were set in their places, and Mr. Bryant says from the period of the first landing of this part of the Beacon, until it was set up and secured, the whole party were obliged to work in the water, continually exposed to the seas as they broke over the rock which as they advanced would force the men to cling firmly to some part of the work to prevent being carried away. The waves would lift them entirely off the rock, while the body by this movement would rest in a horizontal posture until the force of the wave was spent and relieved the feet from this elevated position. From remaining so long in the water, sores were produced on all of the party, and the skin was constantly decorticating from the feet and hands." Boys, that water is cold all year long!

My illustration is what I imagine was the final appearance. There is said to be no trace of the monument left and no memory in the community of York, nor records of the undertaking beyond this document.



References:

Gridley Bryant: FamousAmericans.net
Alexander Parris: ParrisProject.org
Building Victorian Boston, The Architecture of Gridley J.F. Bryant, by Roger G. Reed, 2007, University of Massachusetts Press.

Parris portrait: Crayon rendering of Alexander Parris by W.E. Chickering, ca. 1887. From <http://www.nps.gov/history/Maritime/keep/Parris>

If any readers would like to see the entire four-page document, let me know and I will send it.

Irwin Schuster, Tampa, Florida, Irwin.Schuster@verizon.net



Alexander Parris, b. Halifax, Massachusetts, 1780-1852 Prominent Architect-Engineer at one time in the employ of Charles Bullfinch, Boston. In 1824, Parris began a 20-year association working for the Boston Navy Yard in Charlestown. He ended his career as chief engineer at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard in Kittery, Maine. With the Federal government as patron, Parris produced plans for numerous utilitarian structures, from storehouses to ropewalks, and was superintendent of construction at one of the nation's first drydocks, located at the Charlestown (Massachusetts) Navy Yard. Today, he is remembered in the maritime world for his stone lighthouses commissioned by the U.S. Treasury Department, which oversaw the nation's lighthouse system from 1789 to 1852. Parris's work for the government took him up and down the east coast, from Mt. Desert, Maine, to Pensacola, Florida.



Gridley J.F. Bryant, b. Scituate, Massachusetts, 1789-1867 American Construction Engineer. It is claimed that Bryant built the first railroad in the United States and created most of the basic technologies involved in it (although development was being actively explored on both sides of the Atlantic). He invented a portable derrick in 1823, gained a reputation for being a master structure builder, and was awarded the contract to build the United States Bank in Boston and the Bunker Hill Monument. To move material for these projects, he designed a three-mile railway to move granite from the quarry in Quincy, Massachusetts. Bryant designed nearly every aspect of the equipment, including the cars, track, wheels, turntable, and load transfer equipment. His railway employed horses for power. The "Granite Railway" was also used effectively to carry the large stone for the Charlestown Navy Yard dry dock built in 1828 by Loammi Baldwin, Jr.

The sun shines and the wind blows which, translated into the King's English, means that it is time to rouse myself from the mental hibernation of the winter and prepare for a summer of sailing. As robins swoop in from the south and deposit their excrements all over my boat, I find myself thinking diligently about the previous boat season and the multitude errors of judgment, decisions of stupidity, and the plethora of problems promulgated by perturbingly poor reasoning.

Last fall, in a lapse of intelligence, I decided on one last sail across the lake. Unfortunately the wind was brisk, very brisk, and the park staff was in preparation of taking in the docks. But Dummy Doc launched anyway. I motored into the middle of the lake and promptly commenced to raise sail (I discovered raising sail at the dock usually ended up with my either swamping, capsizing, or being pushed against the rocks). Of course, the sail refused to go up the mast because of a jam. Being incredibly stupid, I took down the mast and tried to fix the problem. Meanwhile the boat was rapidly pushed across the lake toward the lee shore. I suddenly realized the problem and started the motor, only to have the fuel line connection break and I ended up on the rocks.

To add to my misery, I could not get off the rocks nor do much of anything since I was jammed tightly. Where are fishermen when you need them? Certainly not out on the lake when the wind was whooping up large whitecaps and foam. A gathering of Harley Davidson types complete with beards and leathers wandered by and offered assistance to one so mentally challenged as me. We finally managed to move the boat toward the landing, only to discover that the docks had been removed by previously mentioned park personnel. OK, so now my spring preparation includes a serious touch-up of a scraped hull.

In my educational career I was pleased to learn about various intelligences. Some of us have modest mathematical-logical reasoning and reading ability so we score high on standard IQ tests. Unfortunately those IQ tests (still often required by many states) fail to consider the myriad of other intelligences

Springtime for Stupid Steve

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

such as musical ability. I may have a very high IQ but never could play the piano or guitar worth spit while others seem to pick up musical talent like I pick up colds. I was trained as a linguist for the Defense Department and am proud to admit I was the worst student in the history of the Defense Language Institute. My silly roommate not only studied German and Spanish in college, he was trained in Arabic by the Navy and ended up a better French speaker than I did merely listening to my tapes. Another acquaintance speaks eight languages fluently and probably another six or seven adequately enough to get by on a vacation. This is innate intelligence not shown on IQ tests.

My neighbor Mike is a genius unparalleled. He can fix anything. He understands how things work and can foresee issues well in advance of the problem. He knows tools and how to use them. I call on him weekly for assistance. I didn't even know that there are dozens of different types of wrenches nor know that a tack hammer, a ball peen hammer, and a regular hammer are different devices for different uses. Please do not ask what they are for other than hammering stuff. Neighbor Mike is brilliant; I am severely and profoundly mechanically challenged.

So now I come to my spring boating duties. First, I need a topping lift because it will help me raise the sails a lot easier. Believe me, I was proud to admit that I made one after three trips to Ace Hardware and two days of messing around. Other than sticking my mast through a window, the need for a couple of stitches, and a handful of splinters, it was accomplished.

I need an adequate mast crutch. You know, one that actually works. After designing and planning several models, I have discovered that no matter what I build, it will fall over with minimal enticement. And Iowa's roads and potholes are more than amply

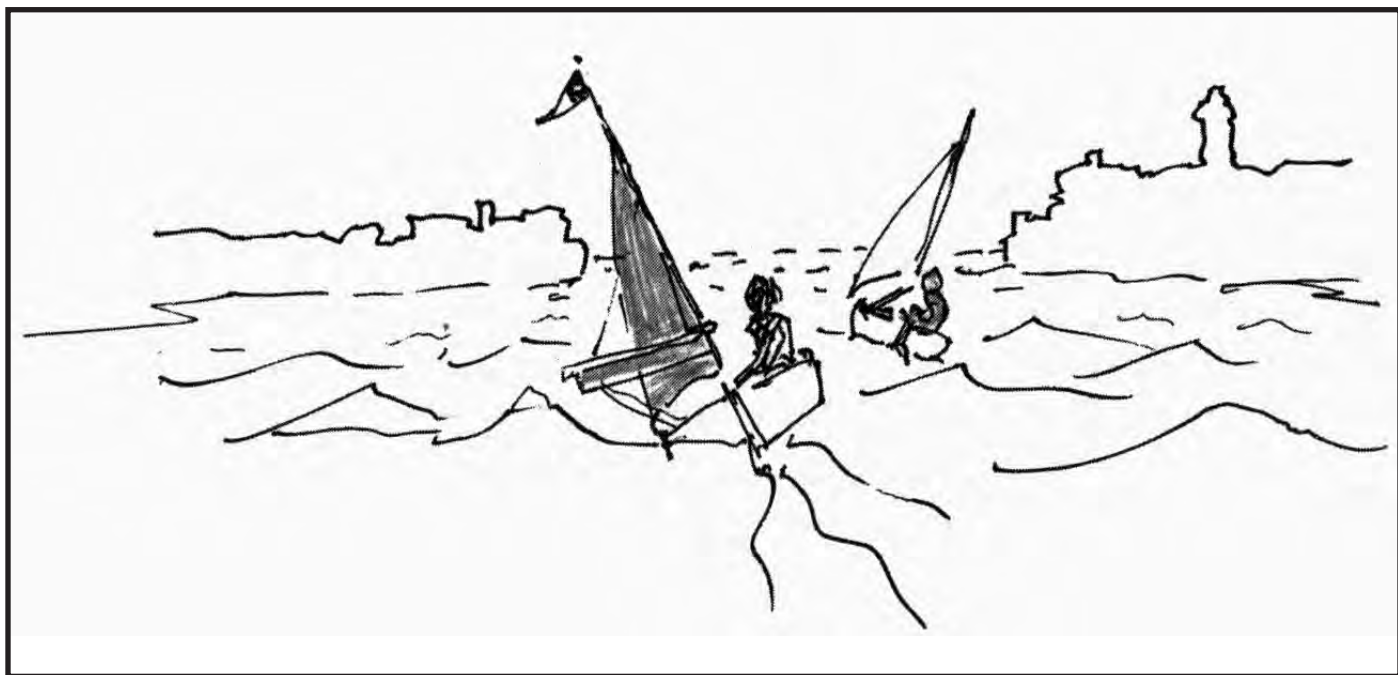
enticing. I even tried making one of several free weights that would not slide around or tip over, only to hit a small bump and have 25lb weights flying all over the place at windshield high levels. Clearly the ability to see, to anticipate, and prepare for such endeavors is far beyond my mental capacity. Books I can write, degrees I have attained, leadership I can provide, but a simple freaking mast crutch is so far beyond my scope of knowledge it frightens me.

Raising a mast is, unto itself, a rigorous task. I have developed a simple device that uses an old winch from a previously destroyed boat trailer. Naturally, trying to attach this to my new trailer has created months and months of planning, designing, sawing, wiring, taping, pounding, welding, gluing, and prayer. Even with a Novena to St Erasmus and St Christopher, I can't get the darn thing to work consistently. It seems so simple. I am too ashamed to turn to Neighbor Mike who will fix this thing correctly and to perfection in three minutes. I will fight with it all year.

In the aftermath of my lee shore adventure last fall I managed to rip out a cleat. I realize that the cleat was, evidently, held in place by two screws screwed into the fiberglass. The fiberglass is about 1/16" in thickness and won't hold anything. Worse, the place where the cleat resided is unreachable from underneath. First I tried filling up the holes with about two gallons of epoxy. This was futile. I tried little plastic inserts that worked wonderfully until there was any semblance of pressure and then they disappeared into the ethers.

An internet associate with sailing experience suggested drilling a large hole, using a backing plate, and repairing the hole with a deck plate. Somehow the thought of drilling a large hole in my boat scares the hell out of me. I may try it.

First let me check my life insurance and AFLAC. How can one with four college degrees be so incredibly mechanically incompetent?? Maybe Neighbor Mike will help in exchange for a six-pack of Miller Light or Corona. Light a candle for me until then.



Since my shop fire at the end of January I have been salvaging a lot of stuff including the rest of my life. I can't believe all the stuff that I own. Fifty years ago I owned a sea bag and one set of civvies. Now I have been hauling stuff out of the ashes and it amazes me how much stuff I have saved over the years. As I look at all the stuff that I have been saving I begin to realize that I am a hoarder. The time has come to de-clutter my life.

I hauled about a half-ton of small hand tools out of the shop and carried them down into my basement for storage. The power tools add up fast. There is a ton of them that all got moved to the garage for storage and cleaning. The large power tools all suffered some damage from the foam that the firefighters used fighting the fire. They were coated with a lot of dirty ice. Under the ice was some corrosion and rust. Most of the tools I will be able to use again. Table saw, drill press, jointer and similar stuff required sanding the unpainted surfaces then oiling these surfaces and lubing the adjusting screws.

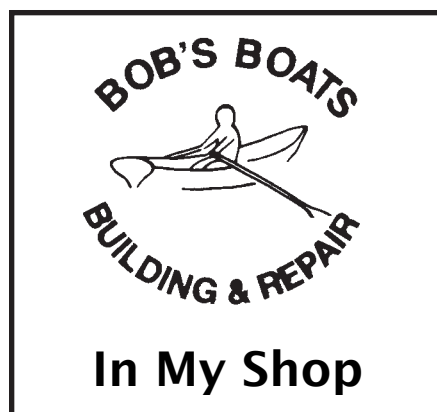
When I got into the nuts and bolts I began asking myself how much stuff I should keep. I had buckets full of nuts and bolts that I had been sorting through since I had found them in the dumpster at work more than 20 years ago. This pile of stuff had saved me many trips to the village hardware store but the time had come to rethink. I had three small storage files for screws, nails, and nuts and bolts. The bins were all filled with frozen foam but I did want to salvage them. These storage bins came into the house and melted out in the kitchen sink. I ended up with little piles of stuff all over the counter tops and on the table. Time to start sorting things.

Soap and warm water cleaned up the bins and the racks that held them. I spent an evening sorting small hardware and filled all the bins. This was the most organized I've been for years. When all the bins were filled I still had about five pounds of hardware that didn't seem to match with anything. They fit into my trash can just fine.

What I did lose and feel badly about was much of the wood that I was saving for boat building sometime in the future. I am a miser when it comes to wood. Almost nothing gets thrown away. I have been saving a piece of birds-eye maple 2"x2"x8' long for the right job. My dad built a maple work bench in the mid-40s and that piece was leftover from that job. He was always going to make something special out of it and now I will. Does this make me a hoarder?

I had a set of cedar strips that were going to go into my ultimate strip canoe. They were beautiful. They had just the right mix of dark and light grains. They were 16' long. I had nearly enough to complete a nice solo canoe. Gone, burned badly in the middle. The same thing happened to some ash rails that I planned to use as sheer clamps on my next kayak. I have been saving that stuff and treating it like old friends. What is left will make good kindling. The birds-eye maple survived because it was in my garage temporarily holding up a plywood shelf. I will make something out of it after I get the boat building back in production.

I will need a shop. Life would seem very empty without one. The choice has come about how to rebuild. My insurance company was generous and I had a few options of how to best use the funds that they gave me. I am still salvaging stuff but as I have been doing that I have been thinking and decided to move my shop into the lower level of my home.



Out of the Ashes

By Mississippi Bob

Forty years ago we bought a walk-in basement and moved my family into it. The man who built it had a plan to someday build a house on top and put a garage in the basement. He designed a wall section to fill a 9' opening in the front wall that could be easily removed and replaced with a garage door. I built the house on top a couple of years after we bought the place but the garage has been only an idea all this time. The lower level of the house has been very much under-used for years. We no longer need a four bedroom home. My wife and I have our bedroom and the dogs have theirs and the downstairs space has been wasted. This is about to change.

One wall has to go and one new one built and I will have my new shop. I will still have one bedroom that guests can use and a small but cozy family room on the lower level. I have began tearing out some old cabinets in the bedroom that I want to save but I have been tripping over all the stuff that I stored in that room that I moved out of my burned boat shop. I cut down on the downstairs furniture and started remodeling the new guest room. I installed a toilet in the utility room next door and now I will have a place for visitors.

I had planned to demolish the burned out shop until I got an estimate from a demolition contractor. I was talking with my son recently about the building and he suggested that I should consider putting a new roof on top of the old concrete block walls and have a good storage shed. A quick trip to the local big box store taught me that I could rebuild the old building for about half the price of removing it. Maybe saving this building could give me a place to keep more stuff. It would be nice to get the lawn mowers and snow blowers out of the garage. Right now that building is pretty full with all the power tools stored there.

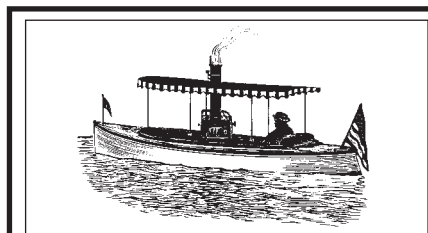
I haven't finished salvaging things yet. Every time I work at it I find more treasures that must be saved. I have been piling up debris in front of the building. I plan to rent a dumpster soon and get rid of about 30 yards of debris and other stuff that I have been saving.

The snow is mostly gone as I write this in March but the sawdust that was in the attic for insulation which was pulled out of the building by the firemen covered up some knee-deep snow and it has really slowed down the melt around the foundation. I have

been raking it away from the building and sorting out debris that is going on the pile.

Right now I am getting antsy to get a boat out on the water as spring has arrived in Minnesota. The Mississippi is in flood stage so I won't go near it for a while but the lakes are softening around the edges. Maybe this coming week I will take a few days off from my demo job and get out and play on the water.

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Building a Cheap Boat

By Dan Beard
Reprinted from *The Outing Magazine*
(The Outdoor Magazine of Human Interest)
September 1905

Submitted by Michael McClure

The old-time craftsmen formerly built their "Yankee Pines" of the rough, unplanned boards fresh from the sawmills on the riverbanks, and these raw, wooden skiffs were staunch, light, and tight boats, but today smooth lumber is as cheap as the rough boards, so select enough planed pine lumber for a 12½' boat, and you may calculate the exact amount by reference to the accompanying diagrams which are all drawn as near as may be to a regular scale.

By reference to Fig 1 you will see that A, A represent the two sideboards. These should be of sufficient dimensions to produce two side pieces each 13' long, 17" wide, and 7/8" thick (A, Fig 2). You will also need a piece for a spreader 54" long, 8" wide, and about 1½" thick, but as this is a temporary affair almost any old piece of proper dimensions will answer (B, Fig 2), and another piece of good 1½" plank (C, Fig 2) 36" long by 15" wide, for a stern piece. Besides the above there must be enough 1" lumber to make seats and to cover the bottom. At a point on one end, 6½" inches from the edge of the A plank, mark the point *c* (Fig 2); then measure 37" back along the edge of the plank and mark the point *b* (Fig 2). Rule a pencil line (*bc*) between these two points, and starting at *c* saw off the triangle *bcd*. Make the second sideboard an exact duplicate of the one just described and prepare the spreader by sawing off the triangle with 9" bases at each end of B (Fig 2). This will leave you a board (*hkon*) that will be 36" inches long on its lower edge and 54" long on its top edge.

Next saw off the corners of the stern-piece C (Fig 2) along the lines *fg*, the *g* points being each 6½" from the corners; and a board (*ff, gg*) 18" inches wide and 36" top measurement, with 23" at the bottom. Now fit the edge of the sternpiece along the line *ed* (Fig 2), or at a slant to please your fancy. In Fig 3, upper C, the slant makes the base of the triangle about 4½', which is sufficient. Be careful that both sideboards are fitted exactly alike, and to do this, for instance, nail the port side with nails only driven partly in, as shown at D (Fig 3); then nail the starboard side and, if they are both seen to be even and of the right slant, drive the nails home; if not correct, the nails may be pulled out by using a small block under the hammer (D, Fig 3), without bending the nails or injuring the wood. Leave the stern ends of the sideboards protruding as in the upper C, until you have the spreader and stem in place.

We are now ready for the spreader (*hkos*) amidships or, more accurately speaking, 6'9" from the bow B (Fig 3) Nail this as shown by D (Fig 3), so that the nails may be removed at pleasure. Bring the bow ends of the A boards together and secure them by a strip nailed temporarily across, as shown in the diagram E (Fig 3).

The stem piece may be made of two pieces, as is shown at G and F (Fig 3), or if you are more skilful than the ordinary non-professional, the stem may be made of one piece, as shown by the lower diagram at F (Fig 3). It is desirable to have oak for the stem but any hard wood will answer the purpose, and even pine may be used when no better is to be had. Take a piece of cardboard or an old shingle on which to draw a pattern for the end of the stem and make the outline with a lead pencil by placing the shingle over the apex *c* of diagram E (Fig 3), from the inside trace the line of

the sides thus, V. Trim your stem down to correspond to these lines and let the stick be somewhat longer than the width of the sides A A.

When this is done to your satisfaction, fit the stem in place and nail the side boards to the stem

Turn the boat over and nail on a bottom of 1" boards as shown by Fig 4. Don't use tongue and grooved, or any sort of fancy cabinet or floor joining, when wet such matched lumber warps up in waves, but use boards with smooth, flat edges; if these are true and fitted snugly together in workmanlike manner the first wetting will swell them in a very short time until not a drop of water will leak through the cracks, for the reason that there will be none. Fit the bottom boards on regardless of their protruding ends, as these may be sawn off after the boards are nailed in place.

The seats consist of a triangular one at the bow J, the oarsman's seat L, and the stern seat K (Fig 5). The bow seat is made of 1" boards nailed to two cleats shown at M (Fig 5). N shows the bench for the stern seat and O explains the arrangement of the oarsman's seat a little forward amidships. As may be seen, it rests upon the cleats *x* O (Fig 5), which are fitted between two upright cleats on each side of the boat; this makes a seat which will not slip out of place, and the cleats serve to strengthen the sides of the otherwise ribless boat. Make the cleats of 1"x2" lumber and let the seat be about 12" wide. The stern seat may be wider, 1½' feet at K and 4" or 5" more at the long sides of the two boards each side of K (Fig 5). Of course, it is not necessary to fit a board in against the stern piece, for a cleat will answer the purpose, but a good, heavy stern piece is often desirable and the board shown in Diagram N (Fig 5) will serve to add strength to the stern as well as to furnish a firm rest for the stern seat, but it will also add weight.

The keel board is an advisable addition to the boat, but may also be omitted without serious results H (Fig 5).

The keel board should be 4½" wide, 1" thick, and should be cut pointed to fit snugly in the bow, and nailed in place along the center of the floor, before the seats are put in the boat. A similar board along the bottom joining the two cleats each side of the skeg at *y* (Fig 7) and extending to the bow will prevent the danger of loosening the bottom planks when bumping over riffs, shallow places, or when the boat needs to be hauled on a stoney shore; this bottom board may also be omitted to save time and lumber, and is not shown in the diagram.

The skeg is a triangular board (Figs 6 and 7), roughly speaking, of the same dimensions as the pieces sawn from the side-boards *bcd* (Fig 2). The stern end will be about 7" wide and it will taper off to nothing at *v* (Fig 7). The skeg is held in place by cleats of 1"

lumber, 2" wide, nailed to the bottom on each side of the skeg. To get the proper dimensions experiment with the pieces sawn from the A boards and cut your skeg board so that its bottom edge will be level with the bottom at *y* (Fig 7); the diagonal line, to correspond with the slant of the stern can be accurately drawn if the skeg is left untrimmed until it is fastened in place.

To fasten on the skeg rule a line from the center of the stern to the center of the bow and toenail the skeg on along this line. This must be accurately done, or you will make a boat which will have an uncomfortable tendency to move in circles.

After toenailing the skeg to the bottom, nail the two cleats, one each side of the skeg, and let them fit as closely as may be to the keel. Now saw off the stern ends of the cleats and lay a rule along the stern, as the stick is placed in Fig 7, where the boy has his finger, rule a pencil line across the protruding end of the keel and saw off the end along the diagonal line, so that the stern cleat *s* (Fig 7) may be nailed in place to finish the work.

You can buy rowlocks of galvanized iron for about a quarter of a dollar a pair, and brass ones are not expensive, but even when the store furnished the hardware (Fig 12) there must be a support of some sort to hold the rowlock.

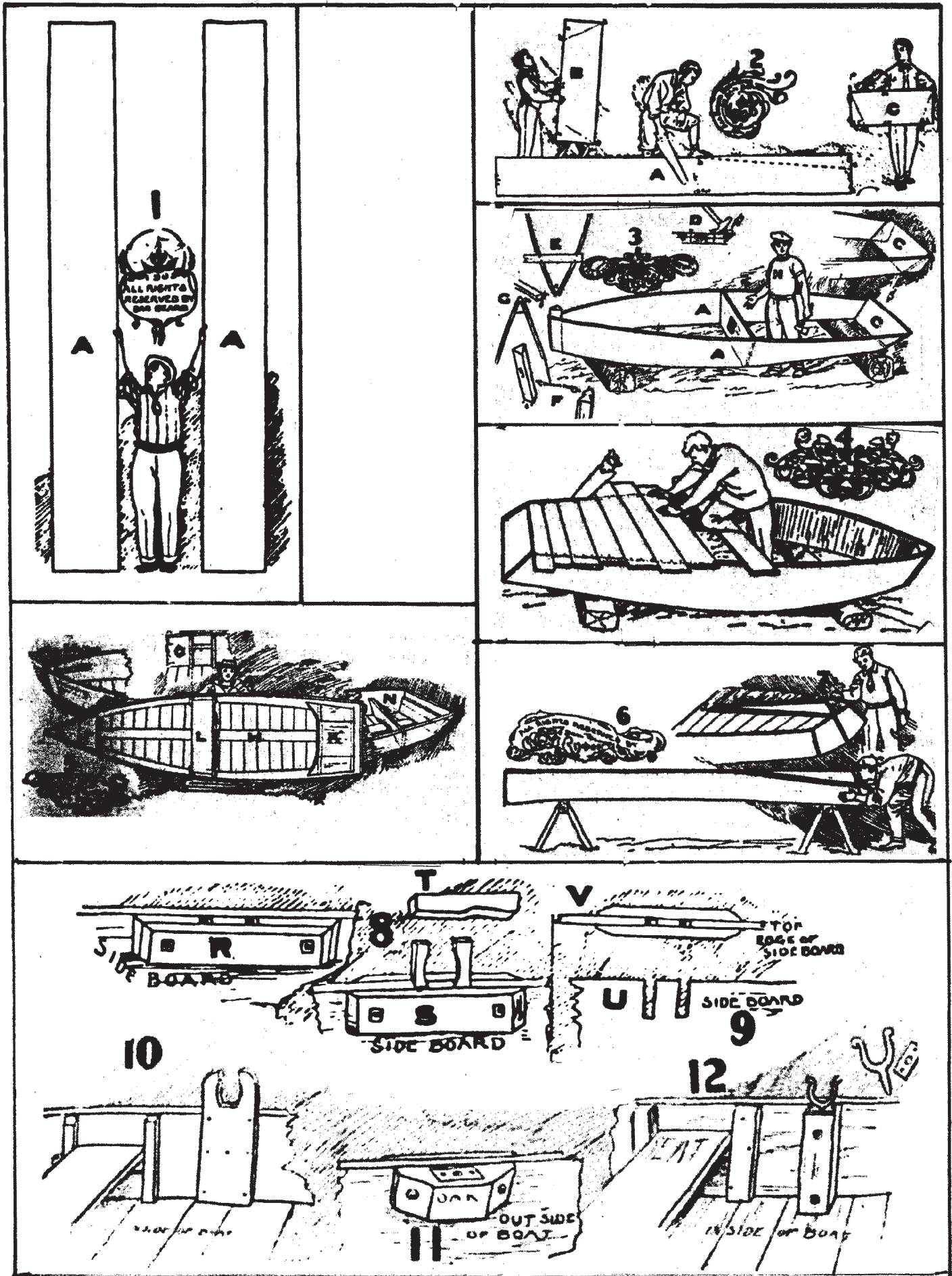
If you use the manufactured article to be found at any hardware store, the merchant will supply you with screws, plates and rowlocks, but he will not furnish you with the blocks for the holes in which the spindles of the rowlocks fit (Fig 12) shows a rude, but serviceable, support for the lock made of short oaken posts much in vogue in Pennsylvania, but (Fig 11) is much better, and if it is made of oak and bolted to the sides of the boat it will last as long as the boat. Fig 11 may be put upon either the outside or inside of the boat, according to the width amidships.

A guard rail or fender, of 1"x2" lumber alongside of and even with the top of the side boards, from bow to stern, gives finish and strength to the craft; but in a cheap boat, or a hastily constructed one, this may be omitted as it is in these diagrams.

If you are building your boat out of the convenient reach of the hardware shop, you must make your own rowlocks. Fig 10 shows the crude ones formerly used by the craftsmen for their Yankee pines, and Figs 8 and 9 show rowlocks made with oaken, or hardwood tholepins fitting in holes cut for that purpose in the form of notches U (Fig 9) in the side of the boat, or as spaces left between three blocks, as are shown by R (Fig 8). When the side-boards A A of the boat are notched, a cleat of hardwood, 5" or 6" wide, and extending the distance each side of the side-boards must be used, as is shown by Diagram V (Fig 9) and S (Fig 8). The Diagram R (Fig 8), explains itself; there is a center block nailed to the sideboard and two more each side, leaving spaces for the tholepins T (Fig 8) to fit and guarded by another piece bolted through to the sides.

If bolts are out of your reach, nails and screws may act as substitutes and Fig 9 will be the best form of rowlock to adopt.

To fix the place for the rowlock seat yourself on the oarsman's seat, grasp the oars as in rowing, and mark the place which best fits the reach of your arms and oars; it will probably be about 13" inches aft from the center of the seat.



I just went through my Rolodex and was amazed to find that I have built 269 fiberglass pulling boat hulls. I worked at it assiduously for quite a few years starting back in the '70s but sort of dried up come the new century.

What prompted this re-evaluation is the current housing bust. My son Steven was doing nicely as a residential builder when the bottom fell out. He is helping with the new shop, actually doing most of the work, and we have discussed doing some serious boat building.

Poking around the net doing a little market research, I was astounded at the current prices. With our low overhead, experience, and outstanding models, we are in a very enviable position. Time to get busy.

I first started out producing C-Flex kits and it very soon became obvious that the concept wasn't going to be a world beater, although C-Flex was a good and unique product. I had gotten several plans from Mystic Seaport and with beginner's luck, picked the best of the lot for production.

Years later Maynard Bray's *Mystic Seaport Museum Watercraft* was published, and there on page 127 was my Livery Whitehall, accession #73.728. Bray, after discussing the cheap build, ends by saying "...she is one of the nicest modeled pulling boats in the entire collection." Overleaf, Pete Culler says "...if one wants the best, along with the cost of it and the few drawbacks, the Whitehall is it." The drawback is that she is not happy working in the surf.

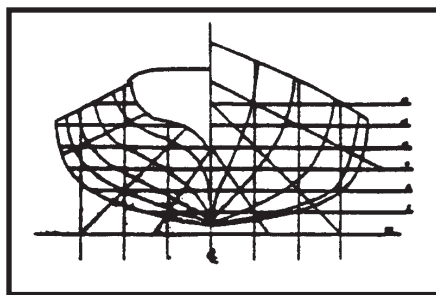
If you are a certifiable boat nut, you should have a copy of Maynard Bray's book. It has photos and comments on all the boats in the collection, plus is larded with historical photos and plans.

The proliferation of pulling boats on recent Kokopellis has reinforced my notions of the practical nature of the craft. Quite often Heather and her dad, Jack Hicks, were set up ashore while the rest of us whistled and tacked all over the place. A pulling boat goes to windward faster than all but the hottest planing sailboat. There are times when you can't row dead to windward, but they're rare and there is usually a way out without the white knuckles of sailing. For a pleasant day on small waters, or a lazy river, a sweet pulling boat is a joy and a revelation of ground covered.

One can, of course, fit these boats with sail, but I would council against fitting centerboard and rudder and sitting out. Just content yourself with half the world. Fit a minuscule sprit rig. Breezing up, unship the sprit and snap the peak to the luff. More wind yet,

The Livery Whitehall Classic Once Again Available

By Jim Thayer



Fancy woodwork, note fine stem.

start rolling the sail around the mast. You can steer by just moving your weight around. It's good fun and will amaze your friends.

I built quite a few Liverys, which is a marvelous boat for a single oarsman. Two thwarts allow balance with one or two passengers. It wasn't long before I began to want

a longer boat and so the Livery was stretched to produce the Express, which at 15'6" is dandy for rowing double.

In those dear days of yesteryear, the England's Urbanna Meet was the hot ticket. The rowing race was especially hard fought and I resolved to show the boys some transom. I took the Livery and removed the half inch of salient keel, pruned the forefoot, and trimmed the topsides. She would be light, with low windage, and centrifugal force would be the limiting factor when whipping around the marks.

She was a light layup and the midbody was stiffened with Coremat which I had cut full of holes with a sharpened tuna can. She was a sight to behold and weighed 35 pounds. I would do her today with paint instead of gelcoat and save six to eight pounds.

There were cries of "foul" when I tossed this baby on the beach. I thought that they might give me the Coveted Cuban Bandera by default. As luck would have it, Dusty Rhoades showed up with his new Laughing Gull and took home the flag. The next year, John, a gunslinger from Pennsylvania, came down and blew us all away.

Since our Lil' Pickle if undecked, needed more freeboard, I learned to rivet a sheer strake on the hull. This was so handsome and so much fun that I put an occasional sheer strake on one of the pulling boats. The strake, of 1/2" or 3/8" ply was riveted through a cedar batten which covered the raw glass of the hull edge.

We put an Express fitted as above, overboard from Hilton Head Island one late afternoon many years ago while Sharon and Steven were still quite little people. We pulled south down Calibogue Sound, heading for the Intracoastal at the north end of Daufuskie Island. It fell dark before we reached Pine Island Cut, but I had been through there a couple of times and felt comfortable. We were easing along well off the tree line, which we could just make out against the sky, when the oar hit the ground. The "treeline" was just tall grass.

About halfway through the cut, we heard a powerboat coming so stopped, hugging the bank. They were coming at a great rate and showing no lights. We thought surely they would whiz on by but they stopped and put a big spotlight on us. Who were we and where were we going? They chided us for not having a light, and roared off. Drug patrol, I suppose. We trudged the sandy road, kicking and shuffling to alert the copperheads and rattlers and were happy to find the Burns still up.

A Livery and an Urbanna Rocket with extra flotation.



Wineglass transoms.



Here are a few quotes from the original one-page brochure which has been endlessly copied to these many years: "From the days when our harbors teemed with lofty square riggers and their attendant small craft, comes the Livery Whitehall. She is the ultimate development of an age when muscle provided the power, and time meant money, even as it does today. A good boat had to be safe and fast.

This boat is the essence of practicality and has the true beauty of the functional tool. The sweep of her sheer complements a fine lined-hull which leaves the barest ripple of a wake.

To admire her beauty is reason enough to own her. To send her flying with your own

shoulders is to know a satisfaction and freedom rare in this mechanical world. To share her with a friend, a child, a sweetheart, is a joy redoubled. She beckons. He who would refuse her must be cold indeed."

In the old days I used to deliver all over the country, but the charms of the open road have faded over the years. I think we will limit ourselves to west of the Mississippi now. They can, of course, be shipped by truck. We are planning to come east for MASCF this year, so there's your chance, if you hurry.

I'm guessing that something over half of these boats were sold as bare hulls or kits. We are happy to sell bare hulls for owner com-

pletion. In fact, if you have a garage and a little spare time, you could make a fun little business fitting them out. Dale Denning back in Oxford finished about 20 of them which he sold right out of his yard.


I guess I'll have to bite the bullet and set up a website. We've got a bunch of video suitable for YouTube so look for us to lurch into the 21st century.

To get the ball rolling, we will sell the first two Liveries at \$3,950. After that we will get more in line with the market.

You can reach us at 662 Wintergreen St, Grand Junction, CO, 81504, (970) 434-6942, jimthayerboats@hotmail.com

Early Livery with plywood flotation compartment.




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The cover of *Epoxyworks* 16 shows *Serendipity*, the sailing canoe I built for Meade Gougeon on a Bell Starfire hull after he had seen me sailing my Starfire-based *Puffin* in the summer of 1998. The Starfire hull was designed by Dave Yost.

Sitting at the lunch table in the Gougeon's boat shop in 2001, Meade said he was thinking of building a few *Serendipity* sisters and asked me if I'd like one, too. I said no because I wanted to build the plywood hull I'd been sketching. But after glancing around the table at Jan and the others, I changed my mind.

We bought six carbon and Kevlar Starfire bare hulls. I built a plug for the *Serendipity* sisters' decks and we made a mold. All hands helped with vacuum bagging the decks. I molded the Kevlar coamings and built the seats. Meade organized and built the rigs.

Meade, Jan, Rob Monroe, my wife Kay-ann, and I sail and paddle the *Serendipity* sisters mostly in the Great Lakes and along the west coast of Florida. Howard Rice sails *Sylph* at home in Micronesia. One *Serendipity* sister remains unfinished.

Bufflehead's development was helped immeasurably by refinements to the *Serendipity* sisters and Kayann has her *Walela*.

Bufflehead

Bufflehead is 15'6"x33" and the *Serendipities* are 15'x34". *Bufflehead's* displacement is 380 pounds while the *Serendipity* boats displace about 300. But these numbers do not show how much more full-ended *Bufflehead* is below the waterline, nor her great reserve buoyancy. Both qualities help fast sailing more than they hinder slow paddling and light air sailing. I've increased the sail area to 54 square feet from the sisters' 41 square feet or *Walela's* 44 square feet.

The Plans

Bufflehead's plan has no construction drawings. Rather than trying to offer a fool-proof system for building, I caution that *Buffleheads* are for experienced builders and sailors who can choose their preferred construction method for building a lightweight boat.

Plywood and wood composite structures can be durable and light and are fully within the construction capacity of many garage boat builders. As a starting point in *Bufflehead's* plans, photos show how I and others have built our *Buffleheads*. A bibliography of building techniques is in the plan, too. Experienced builders know, though, it's still a sailboat and the hull and deck are just the beginning.

The *Bufflehead* plan has everything the experienced builder needs: full-sized stem profiles and body plan for either ply or strip construction, and patterns for the chined deck strakes. The deck sections for a strip built deck or for the jig for the chined deck come as a PDF. Critical dimensions are on hard copy sketches or JPG image files. Details are available from photos of the object being built, in use, or on a 1" grid.

Small parts can be built on the kitchen table. I mold or glue components where the epoxy and I are most comfortable. Mast fittings, the rudder case, the leeboard tube and the seat parts can be built in your dining room. The sanding portion of any of this, much of which can be done by hand, I do outside in a breeze in good light.

Flotation

Flotation is important. You must have enough flotation, and it must be placed properly.

From *Serendipity* to *Bufflehead*

By Hugh Horton

Reprinted from *Epoxyworks*
Bi-Annual Newsletter of Gougeon Bros
WEST System Products



Just not sinking isn't good enough; you must be able to rescue yourself, to right your boat, and sail or paddle away. I prefer a wide open hull with no obstructions, in which I've secured plenty of effectively placed flotation. Flotation held by nylon mesh can be proprietary kayak or canoe bags, dry gear bags, plastic bottles, box wine bladders, closed cell foam blocks, etc.

Nearly any flotation can keep your boat afloat in crisis. But it must be secured and placed widely enough to prevent the boat from rolling, not just high and not just low.

Others prefer full bulkheads and sealed chambers. Howard Rice wants his *Bufflehead* to be self-bailing, too, so he can proceed after capsize, using Elvstrom-style bailers to suck water out of the boat as he sails away.

Rigging

Will you be satisfied with a prototype rig? Is a piece of 6061 aluminum pipe OK for your mast instead of a carbon one? Or are you convinced you want to try a gunter and its advantages, in spite of reefing eccentricities waiting to be resolved? Or do you not care a whit about fine windward performance and prefer a traditional, low-tech rig?

I delivered Meade's *Serendipity* with a light, free standing, rotating gunter with a sprit boom, one reef and no battens. As Meade wrote in *Epoxyworks* 16, "Hugh challenged me to come up with a better rig, which I attempted nearly immediately."

Meade has evolved a series of fully battened sails, using full or half wishbones. Besides being the "patron saint" of cruising sailing canoes, Meade has led the way in rig development. His first mast was aluminum, the rest have been carbon spars. Each of us has experimented, too.

Gunters had been my favorite for their unique advantage of the mast reefing with the sail. The gunter has neither extra windage nor mass swinging about above the reefed sail. The spars can be built more as a woodworking project than a molding project. For better upper sail shape, Stu Hopkins of Dabbler Sails helped me with a "batwing" gunter. A long batten springs from the heel of the yard, so the yard and batten lower and fold down as easily and reliably as any rig, and one can have a full, shapely roach. My first batwing gunter had a half wishbone boom, derived from Meade's design. The latest has a sprit boom.



Meade Gougeon sailing *Serendipity* from the cover of *Epoxyworks* 16, fall 2000.

Bufflehead with her gunter rig on an oyster bar off the Shell Mound, Cedar Key, Florida in 2008.



The rig I recommend now is a Meade's style rig, a fathead, full length battened sail using external hoops and clips, set to shape by a sprit boom or full or half wishbone boom. It's shown with Stu's sail and Ron Sell's mast on Jim Renouf's Bufflehead *Eden* and in some photos on my *Bufflehead*.

The Seat

Aye, mate, there's the rub. The seat must work for two disparate activities, paddling and sailing. I scoot the seat side-to-side a foot, and twice that fore and aft. For sailing I usually want to be low and slouchy, but high or low with kinetic and isometric action is much of it, too.

When paddling actively I want the seat firmly in place, but not more fixed than needed. The friction of the seat's bare teak corners with the scuffed Kevlar bottom is usually enough, along with my mass and feet holding or pushing. For either single-blade paddling or double, I want to sit inches higher than when sailing. For double-blade paddling I usually want to be centered. The harder I'm paddling, the more I want to be sitting upright.

My seat design is effective but time consuming to make. Some Bufflehead sailors use Legacy Paddlesports fishing kayak seats.

Paddles

I use both double-blade and single-blade paddles. I tend to think of the double for going and the single for sightseeing or for a stroke here or there. Often I carry five paddles; two double-blades and three singles, one of which is a specialized deck paddle. I love mine, a straight shaft beaver tail which Ron Sell built to my sketch. It's only 4' overall because I sit low for sailing. The thin blade extends well up the shaft for low-seat Omering, a version of Northwoods or Canadian paddling in which the blade stays underwater on the return stroke. It's silent and my hands are dry enough to change camera batteries. It stows smoothly on deck. Our double-blades are longer than those used with white water kayaks or with narrow sea kayaks because our beam is wider with more freeboard, and we're usually paddling at lower angles.

The leeboard is an NACA foil section from, say, 0007 to 0012. It pivots up and down from a horizontal tube on the port side, perpendicular to the boat's centerline. Its mount does not cross the cockpit. Its friction system by Jan Gougeon is by far the best I've seen. He has an evolution of it in mind using a tapered axle in a cone, rather than a cylindrical axle in a tube. Either way, friction is easily set as it's wanted for fingertip control, and it stays put.

The rudder blade is an 8" 6061 aluminum plate. The case is ply and carbon. Dual steering control sticks are lashed to a wood composite yoke. If Buffleheads were not agile and easily turned due to their rocker, I'd think about a foiled rudder. But the low drag flat plate is effective, durable, and fool proof.

At the 25th annual Cedar Key small boat meet in May 2009, I watched Meade beach his *Yello Thing* among three Buffleheads. At the time, *Yello Thing* was borrowing his *Serendipity's* sail and rudder.

Those four boats were derived from *Puffin* through Meade's *Serendipity* and were much better because of the lunch table conversation nine years before. Now Meade is adapting *Serendipity's* seat back to support his head and shoulders for dozing. It's an idea I've wanted to develop, too, and another one on which he's a step ahead.

For more information on Buffleheads contact Hugh at hortonsailcanoe@wowway.com or call Gougeon Brothers at (866) 937-8797.

About Epoxyworks

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1-2-3: Boat builder Skip Izon, of Grand Bend, Ontario, takes a Bufflehead hull from the cutout strakes and mold, to wetting out Kevlar on the interior of one Bufflehead and wetting out carbon fiber on the exterior of a second. This one will become Hugh's *Bufflehead*. 4: A deck being glued to a hull in Hugh Horton's shop. This Bufflehead will be Jim Renouf's *Eden*.

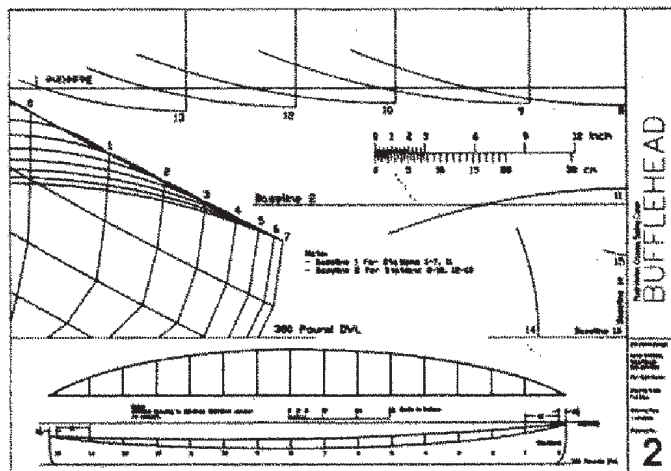




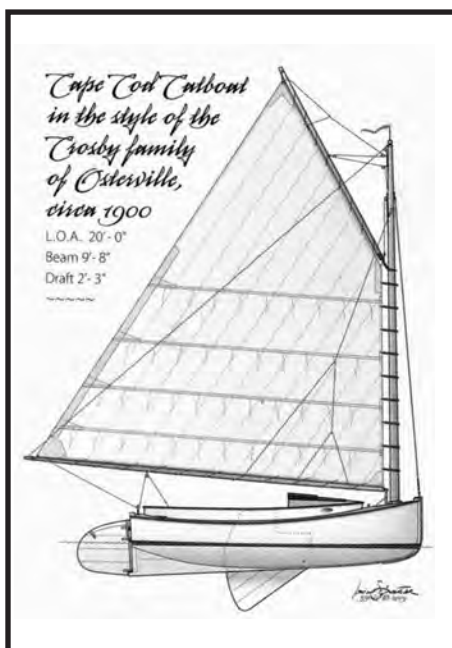
While there are a number of Buffleheads, there is only one called *Bufflehead*. The one and only Hugh Horton at the helm of *Bufflehead* on Lower Saranac Lake, New York.

A sailor's eye view of one sailing canoe from another.

Hugh's Bufflehead, *Bufflehead*, pulled up on the beach on Snake Key, Florida, with her single-reef gunter rig in 2008.



The Marine Art of Irwin Schuster



It may be just possible that you are hanging back, haven't drawn any lines yet, haven't made a real commitment to the project. So here's a little push. I'll give you some numbers from the Punkin Eater so that you don't have to worry about being too far off base.

The Punkin Eater was, I guess, my third design from scratch and she turned out to be quite successful. She was easily faster than the short Nutshell, and beat all but one of the long ones at SW Harbor back in the days when Carl was running his Wood Regatta.

At Port Townsend, she matched an El Toro tack for tack till we ran out of water. At St. Michaels she passed three ten-footers on a straightaway by a comfortable margin. So, what does all this prove. Probably not a lot, but it does suggest that a rank amateur can produce a reasonably good dink on the first try.

Here are the numbers on the Punkin Eater. From the baseline: bottom of bow transom 11"; bottom of transom 3"; depth amidships 18"; depth at transom 15"; length overall 8'6"; beam 4'.

Let's consider one other thing that may affect the design. I assume that most folks are going to use plywood (forgive us, Robb), which will only bend in one direction. You can roll it around the surface of a cylinder, or a cone, which surfaces are called developable. Unless the bottom of the boat is flat or v-bottomed with straight sections, plywood won't fit. If the plywood is cut into planks, then it will cover a round bottom, not perfectly, but good enough. A plywood plank can be twisted, the narrower the easier. There are people out there who torture plywood but I have no experience with such behavior.

In checking back over the first two installments I find that I suggested the waterlines be 6" apart. One could build a straight sided box without reference to any waterlines. If waterlines define shape, then fewer waterlines are needed where there is little change of shape or when shape changes in a regular way. In laying out my profile I decided the first two waterlines would be 3", and then go to 4". You can use any spacing that seems helpful. However, be sure to use the same spacing on the body plan as on the others.

Now, we are ready to move on, except that something has just occurred to me. If we draw the body plan on paper we will have it in a form that will be ready to use to lay out the actual forms and bulkheads. Anything will work, brown wrapping paper, typing paper glued together, or some nice velum from your local reprographics/blueprint shop. After you use it, it can be rolled up and saved. It's definitely the way to go.

Now then, moving right along, you have your midsection drawn. Choose how high above the base your transom will be and draw it in, following pretty much the shape of the mid-section. You can throw in a little tumblehome if you like the looks of it. Next, draw in your stem or bow transom, which can be v-shaped, u-shaped, or even square.

So far everything has been pretty much cut and dried. It's what you say it is. So is the rest of the boat, but it's hiding in this mess of lines and you have to find it. For a start, let's find the aft bulkhead which will be fairly close to the transom, say a foot or so. If you don't want an aft compartment, then a form halfway between transom and the mid-ship form should do. Decide what you are doing and where. Then go to the profile and at the

Super Dink

Part 3

By Jim Thayer



Punkin Eater at St. Michaels 2007.

chosen point erect a vertical line from the baseline clear to the centerline of the half breadth plan. This new line gives you two new points, where it crosses the bottom profile and where it crosses the sheer. The new centerline point won't be quite as high above the baseline as the transom center point. The new sheer point will be given by the sheer on the half breadth plan and it's height by the profile sheer line.

We have the end points of this new section curve but we are pretty much in the dark about its shape, except that it is very similar (nearly congruent) to the mid-ship section and the transom. What we'll do is very lightly draw in a section that we think looks right. The body plan now gives us a point where the new section crosses a waterline. We can use the same procedure to draw in a forward bulkhead or any other section we might

Second place at Southwest Harbor.



desire. Our mid-ship section gives us a firm point on any waterline so we have three good points on any given waterline and our tentative sections give us a couple more. Using these points we can draw in a nice fair waterline on our half-breadth plan.

Let's review the big picture. If you want a pointy end on this little boat that's fine with me but for the rest of this discussion my examples will assume a bow transom. OK, our three given sections, bow transom, mid-ship section and transom, drawn with a keen eye and our best judgment, fix the shape of the boat. These three sections give us fixed points on all the waterlines, and top and bottom profiles.

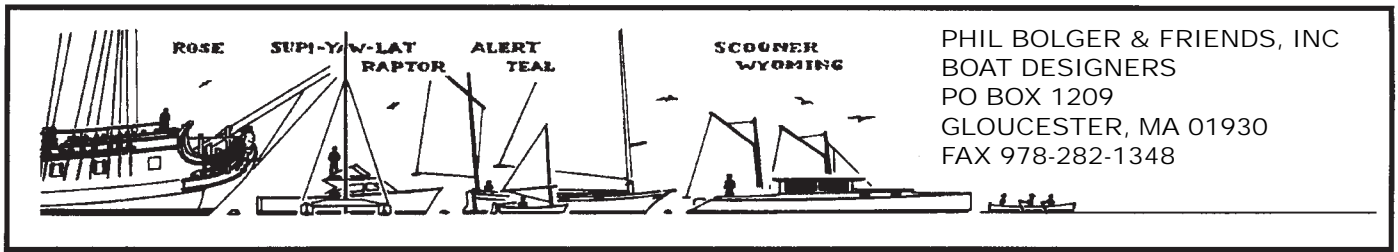
Our tentative sections give us information for constructing detailed waterlines. These waterlines, smooth and fair, then become the authority for drawing the final sections. We could probably manage with just the above, but to make sure there aren't any funny ridges or odd stuff we can use some buttocks. If you are really into this stuff, you can try some diagonals. It took me a long time to come to grips with the things so I'm not about to get into them here.

There is one sticky wicket which may not become apparent until we try to build this gal. If the transoms are inclined from the vertical (surely the forward one will be) they will be of different size than if they were vertical. You will see plans with transom expansions, but I don't think we need to get into that. It seems to me that a sloping transom can be defined by waterlines just like a vertical one. The waterlines will give us the width from the centerline but we will have to adjust the spacing. Draw a line on the profile in the proper location and at the desired angle. If we measure along the transom line between waterlines we will find that the distance is greater than the given waterline spacing. I think we had better set up a new body plan grid with a waterline spacing to match the new slope spacing. I guess we should have a body plan for each transom. I can't remember how I have done this before. Probably followed the book. If this seems too messy you are advised to do likewise.

If all this design stuff seems too fussy, don't sweat it. The molds can be trimmed and padded till a batten lies fair. So now we have the boat lofted. The next step is to get the lines on the wood. The classic method is to lay nails on the lofting with the heads just on the cut line. Then you carefully lay your mold wood on the lofting and press to get the marks of the nail heads into the mold wood.

A much better system, if you have your lines on paper, is to use a dressmaker's wheel to transfer the lines to the wood. If this sounds rather mysterious, check with your mother. One can also use an awl. Make some extra deep marks at the extremities of the centerline to be sure you get the paper in proper register when you flip it over to do the other half. With the marks in the wood, just free hand the line with a pencil and head for the band saw. Just one more thing. Especially with the transoms, you want the best side of the wood to show. A band saw cuts going down, a sabre saw cuts on the up stroke. Plywood tends to splinter a little so plan your marks depending on the type of saw you are using.

At Home Depot the other day I spotted some 1/4" underlayment that appeared to have thick face plies. Most plywood has paper thin face plies. I'll check on it.



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Last issue's installment, Chapter 12, offered a review of our two-pronged political efforts in support of the commercial future of the Port of Gloucester during the last year of Phil's life. On the one hand, we propose(d) that prototyping advanced "green" commercial fishing craft burning much reduced amounts of fuel would demonstrate how the Port's fishing industry could survive economically in an age of draconian catch restrictions until the broad array of fish species the industry has lived off for centuries would be rebuilt to sustainable numbers.

On the other hand, we propose(d) that building such "low-carbon-footprint" craft should be pursued as an additional industrial element of this Port's economy, as Gloucester and the world are facing the prospect of historically unprecedented and likely permanent levels of energy cost increases and thus the need to adapt all water-borne commerce, not to mention pleasure-boating, to this all-encompassing reality. Put bluntly, building here in Gloucester high-efficiency craft with lean hull geometries and small and miserly drive trains would help both the commercial fishing industry and would attract business from elsewhere in pursuit of boats fit for \$4-\$5/gallon fuel.

In this issue, photos will do most of the talking. Here are go-fast pictures of the first light and lean entry-level prototype of a design fit for both inshore light fisherman duty and light coastal pleasure cruising. You may recall that in *MAIB* Vol 27, Issue

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Messing About in Fishing Boats

Chapter 13 Update on Design #679

By Susanne Altenburger

#1 (May '09) we ran an update on Design #679-B, Monitor, aka Blackliner 2K90/30P, first introduced in Vol 25, Issue #6 (August 1, 2007). As outlined last year, this hull was built in a West Gloucester barn to local private budget by two non-boat builders, a 40-year-old fisherman and his 45-year-old brother, a contractor. Following the plans and the detailed construction manual, they got her done to good finish, named her *Robin Jean* after her owner, put a Federal Fisheries Permit on her, and went rod and reel fishing commercially during much of 2009.

After getting to know her in the Outer Harbor and then alongshore, they took *Robin Jean* 15+ miles offshore to fish on Stellwagen Bank. Not only had they successfully built her, but they would trust their lives to her far from shore. Eventually word got

around and *National Fisherman* featured her in the November 2009 issue (pp.26-28) with a well-illustrated article headed, "Lean and Green—Phil Bolger's legacy may prove to be a 30-footer that helps Gloucestermen keep fishing." A supportive article in a fishing industry magazine is always a good thing, particularly with a good narrative about the guys building and fishing her.

May 8, 2009, began bright and Phil and I were out on the tip of Gloucester Outer Harbor's breakwater by 8am eager to see her run, storming by at full throttle for 27kts on 115hp, turning for a cruising speed return to eventually settle on flounder fishing near shore. We really enjoyed seeing her in action and used the long lens to capture her in dozens of dynamic images. Despite multiple attempts, including offering money, neither Phil nor I would ever get to step foot aboard her, never mind drive her to experience her first-hand. But these photos and the operator's account to others would have to do and did make the point that lean and efficient boats can be built and used commercially out of Gloucester.

So let's enjoy these photos of a successful effort by two novices at building and working this craft. As I write this, a collaborative effort is in the final stage of preparing the ground-work for a new project stimulated by this construction effort by Dave, Dan, and Robin. As things progress, I will keep you posted on what would be an exciting venture indeed. It would appear that Phil and I are far from done with our work designing for the future.



Behold... A Really Big Engine!

By Don Staples

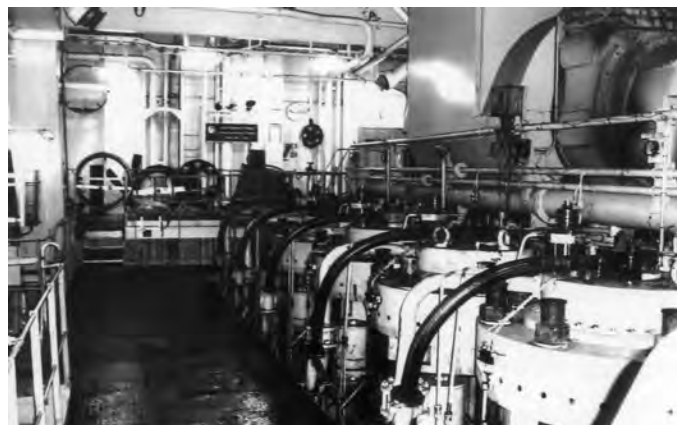
I am a long-time subscriber and work as Chief Engineer for Maersk on one of their smaller container ships. I have a few comments on your recent cover story about the *Emma Maersk*.

The mention of 11 cranes must refer to the ability for 11 shore-based gantry cranes to work the ship at the same time. This can be seen in the last picture on page 42 in that issue. The ship itself would have only small cranes for loading stores and parts, not for working cargo.

It is also true that Maersk, and likely many other companies, is experimenting with reduced speeds to save on fuel. The cost of the fuel is generally the largest single expense in operating a large ship. We have procedures in place to run at speeds down to 10% of the rated full load. The problem is in getting all of the fuel to burn in the cylinder and not just pass through unburned. This is not only a waste but dangerous. If this unburned fuel eventually ignites, it is kind of like having a chimney fire. Been there, done that, not fun at all.

The engines I have worked on were all much smaller than the one on the *Emma Maersk* but they share the same characteristics. There is generally one large engine directly connected to the propeller shaft. There is no clutch or reduction gear. It is operated kind of like the old "one-lungers." When the engine is started, the propeller will start to turn. To reverse the propeller, the engine is stopped, the camshaft timing is changed, and the engine is started in the other direction. Dead slow may have the engine turning at about 25rpm. Full speed may be from 90-130rpm depending on the engine.

These photos are of the engine on a ship I worked on a few years ago. This is a 5-cylinder Sulzer RLB-90. The 90 means that each cylinder liner has a 90 centimeter bore. This engine is rated at 18,700hp.

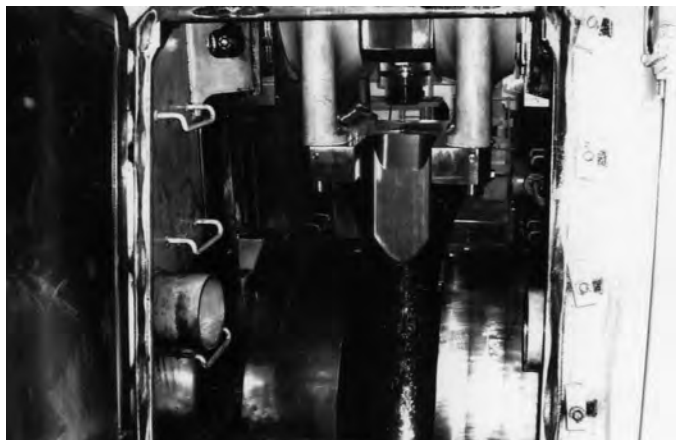


One picture shows the cylinder head level of the engine. There are two levels below this one. The closest two cylinder heads can be clearly seen. The five curved pipes are the high pressure fuel lines leading from the fuel pump to the injectors. That's the turbocharger in the upper right section of the picture.



There are three pictures showing piston pulls in progress. One shows a worker standing inside the liner on top of the piston using a grinder. He's grinding off the ridge that develops at the top of the liner which must be removed before the piston can come out. Another shows the piston just being lifted out of the liner. The third shows the First Assistant Engineer standing between two pistons which are sitting on the

deck. This gives a good idea of the size of a piston. A new engine would likely have shorter pistons as it would also have an exhaust valve. This older engine has only ports for both intake and exhaust and needs the longer skirt to cover up the ports. These big engines are all two-stroke cycle engines. The head for one cylinder on this engine weighs almost six metric tons. A liner or the piston/rod combination are about the same. I'm sure that the *Emma's* are much larger.



The last picture shows the view through one of the crankcase doors showing the connecting rod in the bottom dead center (lowest) position with a crankshaft web on each side of it. There are ladder rungs welded inside the crankcase to assist in working inside. There is also a temporary platform just inside the door which comes out after the repairs are completed.

Generally the bigger the engine, the easier it is to work on. It's all a matter of rigging to handle the heavy parts but there is always a gantry crane installed over the engine to make things easier. And there are really no small parts to deal with. Everything is generally readily accessible. All of the large nuts are loosened and tightened hydraulically which is simple and easy. Each maintenance procedure is planned by the engine manufacturer with special tools where needed. It's just like a 6-71 only a little bigger.

After salvaging what appeared to be reusable parts from a trimaran that ended up in our yard at Shell Point, I have a number of cleats and backing plates. In most cases, the original builder used aluminum backing plates that had slowly corroded over the years. The aluminum ones buried inside the fiberglass had fared a bit better than the ones open to the air. To some extent, the leakage around the bolts holding the cleats had provided the moisture to corrode the aluminum. I have used aluminum and treated wood (both solid and ply) as backing plates in the past and have ended up replacing them after a number of years.

The current backing plates for the cleats on our Sisu 26 are made out of purple heart. This is a very dense wood that does not rot. At least, the decking exposed to the weather at our coastal cottage has not in the last few years of neglect. When the wood for the decking came the 2"x4"s were separated by strips of the same wood. When I saw how the wood was shipped (with the strip spacers), I was reminded of the early days when the motorcycles coming from Japan were crated in mahogany. The mahogany was being discarded by those selling the motorcycles and those of us who knew about this were cleaning out their trash containers for the wood. Lengths of beautiful mahogany were not to be ignored. Eventually, the motorcycle people figured out they could sell the shipping crates and did so.

I had the contractor save all the spacers and unused decking pieces (price purple heart and you will know why) for later use. One piece of the scrap 2"x4" was cut down and secured on the bow pulpit to replace a section of teak that came adrift and not found. The replacement wood has weathered to the point it looks like rest of the teak (from a distance). The strips have been used for a num-

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

ber of projects as it glues quite well and looks nice when sanded and varnished. One of my uses for these strips is backing plates for the cleats. The wood strips are about 1" wide by about $\frac{3}{16}$ " thick and are 36" in length.

To make backing plates, I cut a strip to the right length (three or four lengths out of one strip) and then edge glue the strips. The nice thing about this approach is that I could custom make each backing plate for the area available and the size needed to provide a large holding surface for the cleat. I usually use large washers (fender washers) to increase the bearing area on the wood. If one wants to raise the cleat from the deck for some reason, a filler section can be made with two strips edged glued, cut to fit, and it will look quite nice.

The backing plate for the forward samson post is made out of three layers of purple heart set cross-grain to each other. One consideration I had was whether to glue the three pieces together and drill the holes for the bolts or drill each layer separately and then smear the glue between layers before I bolt the system back together. If I put them all together with glue and clamps, the drilling will take a while given the density of the wood. If I drilled each layer separately, the holes may not quite line up. All would be much easier if I had a drill press to insure a vertical hole.

Of course, then there would be the logistics of getting the drill press to the coast where the boat is located. Or, the logistics of bringing the cleat (in this case the forward samson post) back to town to drill the holes. In the end, I drilled each layer separately and mounted the three layers without any glue between the layers. I plan to see how the results work. If the stress starts to crack the edge-glued strips around the bolt holes, I will dismount the plates, smear glue between them and re-bolt. The pressure of the bolts will press the wood together and insure a good glue coverage of the layers.

There are two schools of thought on mounting cleats. One school goes for a very tight fit and adequate caulking on the deck side of the cleat. The other school is for a looser fit (bigger hole) and a lot of caulking around the bolt and deck side. For wood backing plates, I follow the tight fit school. I drill the holes in the wood at the same diameter as the bolts and screw them through the wood. The idea is to use the backing as part of the "washer/nut" combination to hold things in place. The people who built my Sisu 26 followed the "tight fit" school. Each of the dense wood backing pieces I have replaced would have held the bolts even if the nut and washer had come off. The only reason I went through the replacement procedure was slow leakage around the cleat bases had "softened" the wood backing plates to some extent. Given the work I had to do to replace the backing plates, they would have probably lasted another 20-some years or so.

Why Inflatable PFDs Are Not Acceptable

For paddling on RICKA Flatwater or BVPC Trips

(And why you should think twice before buying one)

By Cheryl Thompson Cameron
RICKA Flatwater Chair
Reprinted from *The Paddler*
Newsletter of the Rhode Island
Canoe & Kayak Association

Inflatable vests have long been approved by the FAA for over-water flights, and are now approved by the USCG for boating use. They used to be allowed on RICKA and BVPC trips until a problem "popped up" on one of our trips. After that happened we decided to take a close look at these devices, and as a result of what we learned, they are prohibited on our trips.

If the vest inflates, the paddler must continue the trip with the vest in the inflated state. If a paddler falls in and needs to change clothing, it is very difficult to put the vest back on after it is has been inflated (this happened on a trip last spring). Our trip leaders voted to ban the inflatables on trips. Some of our concerns are:

Inflatable PFDs require the user to pay careful attention to the condition of the device. Inflatable PFDs need maintenance to function properly.

The automatic inflatable has some cons. Under prolonged wet conditions auto-inflators will go off when they get wet even if the person does not fall in the water. A ripcord can catch on a boat fitting and inflate. An important piece of information is to know whether the vest has any leaks when inflated.

If you're a northern paddler there are off-season storage concerns. Manually inflate the PFD in the fall, and leave it inflated until spring to prevent dry rot and cracking.


Cracking can occur if the unit is left folded for extended periods. Another way to leak test is as follows: Inflate the jacket. Stop when you get to a point where you can squeeze the jacket and have your fingers just touch. Leave the jacket for 24 hours and squeeze it again. In either case if you find a leak, contact the manufacturer for advice and service.

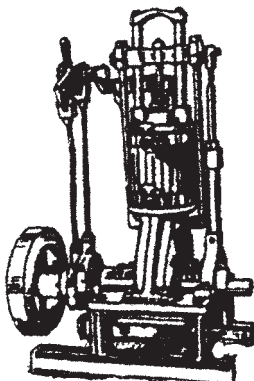
Abrasions may occur when the jacket is folded for long periods of time as well as in use.

Next on the checklist is the inflation cylinder. These can corrode and rust, allowing gas to leak out. Remove the bottle and weigh using an accurate scale. Make sure the reading matches the amount noted on the bottle. Coat the cylinder with Vaseline to prevent corrosion. Cover the cylinder with a rubber glove finger to stop chafing.

Another item that needs checking is the inflator. Generally look for a green, rather than red, pin or tab indicating the unit is ready. Also look for an exposed red stripe, which could indicate an empty gas cylinder. As always, green means go, red means either the inflator needs repair, or your gas cylinder needs to be renewed.

Note: Inflatable PFDs are available in adult sizes only, are not for use by children younger than 16 years of age or by persons weighing less than 80 pounds.





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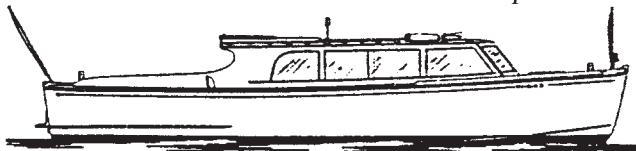
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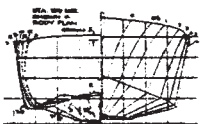
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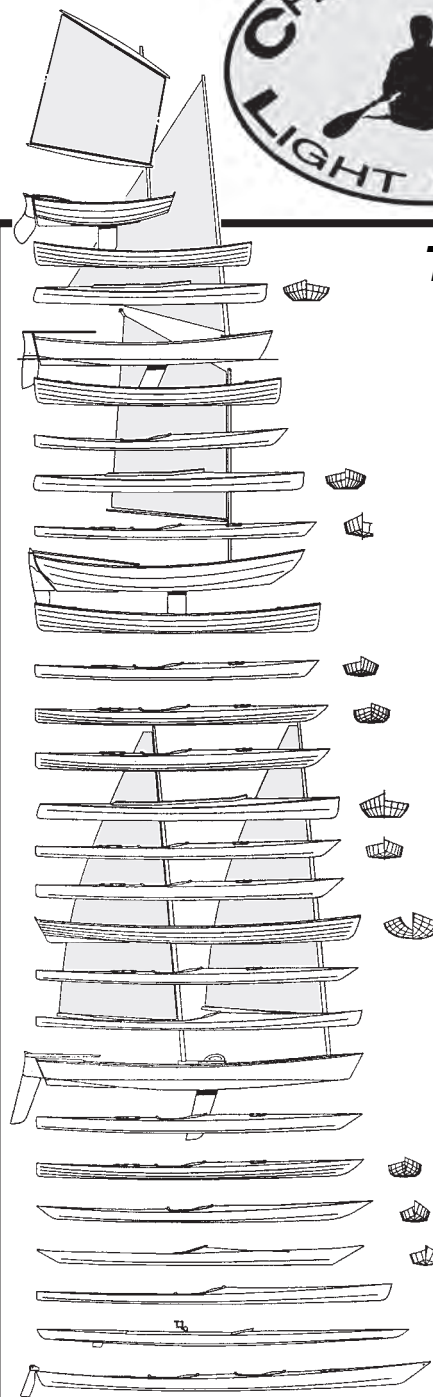
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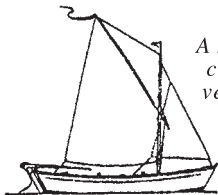
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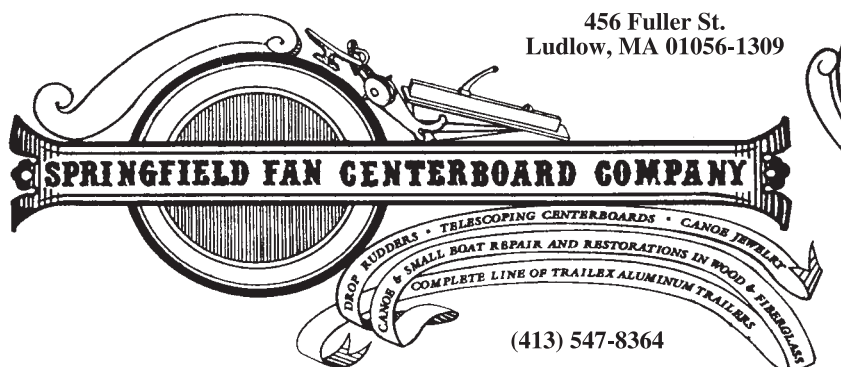
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25' MacGregor Sloop, '86, drop keel. Draws 2'5". Johnson 9.9 Seahorse electric start. Sails & sail cover, anchor & mooring line, depth sounder, radio hookup, life lines, swim ladder, pfd's, full galley w/ Orego stove. Slps 4, gd interior. Porta pottie, electric bilge pump, pop-up for standing headroom w/canvas cover. Trlr in gd shape. \$3,500.

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Drascombe Lugger, 19' daysailer. Yawl w/loose footed sliding gunter main & roller reefing jib. Sails almost new. 4-cycle long-shaft 6hp ob has very low hours. Boat now stored on Deer Isle, Maine will be available for sale in late June. \$3,750 Call with questions.

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PENN PFAUTZ, Middletown, NJ, (732) 957-0474, ppfautz@comcast.net (6)



19' Dell Quay Fisher, built '66. British built fg copy of traditional Scandinavian fishing boat. Powered by 1-cyl SABB Diesel, water cooled (fresh water, in present configuration). Has clutch & variable pitch prop drive system. Vy strongly built hull. Tandem trlr incl. All paper available; trlr licensed, but needs new brakes. Asking \$4,300.

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June 25-27 WoodenBoat Show, Mystic, CT **

July 2-4 Berkshire Craft Show, Gr Barrington, MA **

July 16-18 Lakeside Living Expo, Gilford, NH **

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